★ JOHN BULL: JANUARY 25, 1947. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1806

AIR RAIDS! £2,400 MORE CLAIMS PAID

NO FRILLS for NEW BRITAIN

WHAT A.G.G THINKS ABOUT RUSSIA

Keep Fit *for* Service–
this War-time Winter

EVERYONE knows that this will prove to be an unusually trying winter. The strain of war-time conditions, added to the stress of wintry weather, imposes a considerable test on our powers of resistance against winter ills.

Yet never was it so important to keep fit and on top of your work—in the office, in the factory or in whatever sphere of service you play your part.

You can go a long way to maintain this winter-time fitness if you remember that the two vital essentials to health are *restorative nourishment and revitalising sleep.* For this reason you should make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage.

Experience has proved the value of delicious 'Ovaltine' as a *restorative* food beverage. Its advantages in this respect are largely due to the eggs used in its manufacture. *Obviously no food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.*

Under present conditions the daily use of 'Ovaltine' is of particular importance. The special and unique properties of 'Ovaltine' help to make your diet complete in the food elements you need to repair the daily stress and strain on your system, and to build up a strong resistance to coughs, colds, and infectious ailments.

A cup of 'Ovaltine' taken at bedtime will give you revitalising sleep of the best kind. Even when sleep is broken, 'Ovaltine' will enable you to resume sleep quickly and derive the utmost benefit from it.

For all these reasons you should depend on 'Ovaltine' to keep you fit for service every day during this war-time winter. But be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine,' which is so different from imitations made to *look* the same.

Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

and note the difference in your Health & Outlook

P562A

FRY'S COCOA IS MAKING NEW FRIENDS

and Mick meets an old friend on a mountain

Fry's Cocoa is making a lot of new friends this war time, and meeting old friends, too. And it's a safe bet that they'll all stick to Fry's long after the war's won.

Take this case. Young Mick joined the Home Guard up in the North Country. He had to do a spell of duty two nights a week on top of a pretty high, bleak mountain. The other man up there had a flask of piping hot Fry's Cocoa. It kept them warm as toast through the long, cold night.

'Mean to say you don't have Fry's at home?' asked the other guard.

'Used to, when I was a kid. And I'll see we get it now. It's just the drink a man needs in war-time.'

FACTS ABOUT FRY'S COCOA

- Fry's Cocoa is a real food, packed with nourishment and energy.
- Fry's Cocoa is an ideal food for growing children.
- Fry's Cocoa is rich in nerve-strengthening substances.
- Fry's Cocoa contains vitamin D — the natural sunshine vitamin of the cocoa bean.
- Fry's Cocoa is economical in use and makes every meal go further.
- Fry's Cocoa, because it is so easily digested, makes an ideal bedtime drink.

An old friend that is making new friends

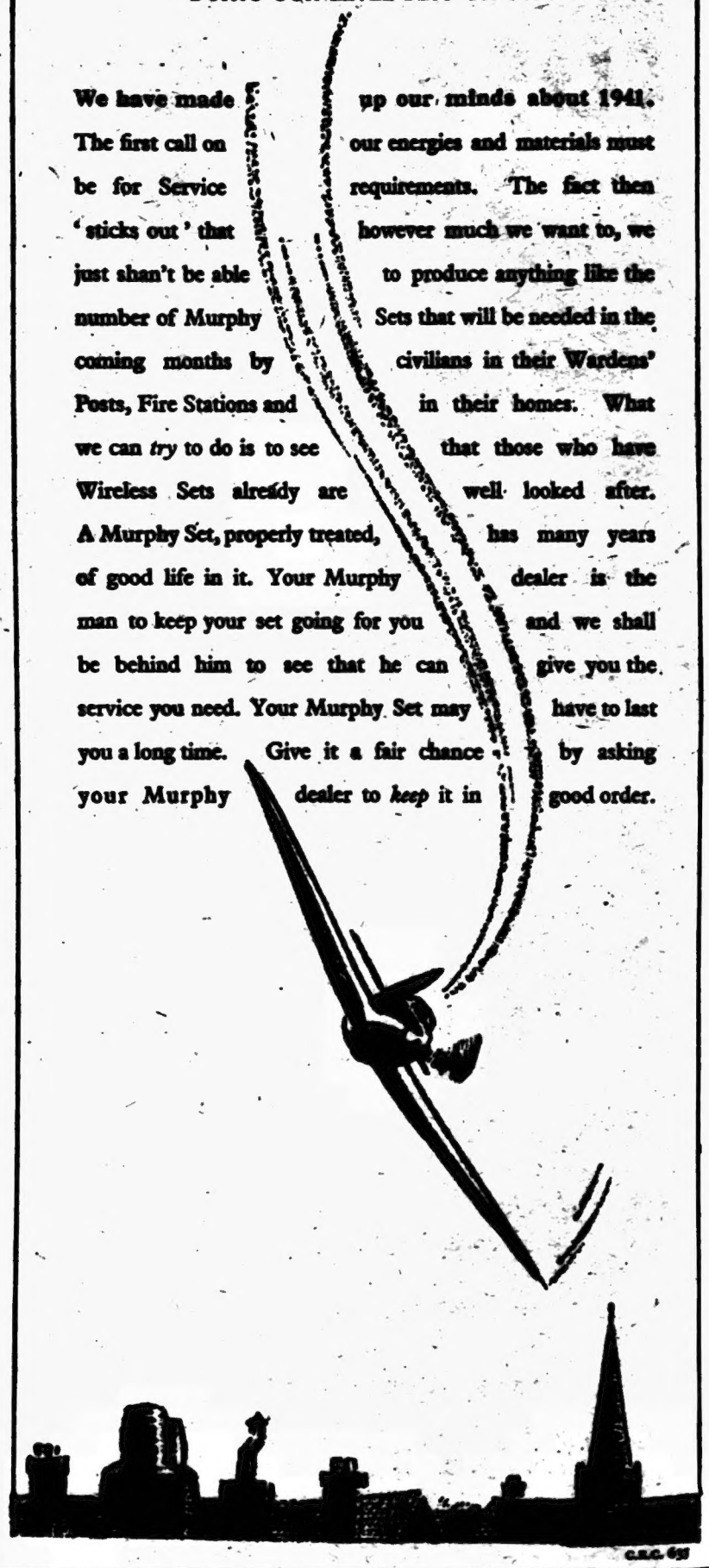
FRY'S COCOA

DOWN IN PRICE. NOW 5d. PER ¼ LB.

MURPHY

DOING OUR LEVEL BEST ON TWO FRONTS

We have made up our minds about 1941. The first call on our energies and materials must be for Service requirements. The fact then 'sticks out' that however much we want to, we just shan't be able to produce anything like the number of Murphy Sets that will be needed in the coming months by civilians in their Wardens' Posts, Fire Stations and in their homes. What we can *try* to do is to see that those who have Wireless Sets already are well looked after. A Murphy Set, properly treated, has many years of good life in it. Your Murphy dealer is the man to keep your set going for you and we shall be behind him to see that he can give you the service you need. Your Murphy Set may have to last you a long time. Give it a fair chance by asking your Murphy dealer to *keep* it in good order.



C.R.C. 651

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 25, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

BOMBED—AND FORGOTTEN

Once again, people have been trapped in a bombed building for many hours before anyone learned they were there.

In the morning after a recent London raid, a policeman heard groans from the wreckage.

His shout of, "Anyone there?" was answered weakly, "Two of us."

Rescue squads toiled all day. One man was extricated alive.

Could the other have been saved by prompter help?

This is not the first time such a question has arisen. Nor a second. Nor a third.

Civil Defence services have well earned the tributes paid to their heroism and determination. But rescue work must not depend on warden's lists of persons who may or may not be supposed to be in wrecked buildings.

There should be prompt inspection in an effort to make reasonably sure that there is no one trapped beneath the debris.

Straight from the Shoulder

STUFF TO GIVE THE AXIS

NOW is Britain's greatest chance of confounding the Dictators.

Italy is bewildered.

Her empire is being sliced up, her generals are tumbling like ninepins.

There is talk of her surrender. That is premature.

But she may eventually be tempted to sue for peace.

We can encourage her people to demand it quickly.

Fallen Prestige

Germany has not yet bitten the dust. But her prestige has fallen.

Her people were promised victory last summer.

They were told that their *Luftwaffe* was invincible.

The rain of bombs on their war centres has disillusioned them.

We can quicken their war weariness.

Not Vindictive

Britain's war aims should be broadcast to the world.

They must guarantee a just peace.

They must state our intentions of avoiding vindictive treatment of our enemies.

Germans fear that we shall starve and butcher them if we win. Even their troops are told that they will be murdered if they fall into our hands.

Remove that fear and you remove one of the obstacles to early peace.

The Only Way

There is no sentimentality about it.

There is every need to see that never again shall German might be able to terrorise the world.

But we shall not accomplish this object merely by returning to the rotten "peace" that followed the last war.

We must remove the causes of war.

We must assure social security not only to our own people but also to all Europe.

Talked Too Much

British Ministers have talked too much about the restoration of political liberty. There must be social and economic liberty as well.

Assure all three to the German and Italian peoples. convince them that we can give them more than they will get from dictatorship!

Official Clap-Trap

That is why the long-delayed statement of Britain's aims should be issued now.

Obscure Under-Secretaries hint that it may be expected shortly.

"Shortly" is the most over-worked word in politicians' language.

And it has long been an indication that Ministers cannot make up their minds

Little Heart For It

There are rumours that the task of compiling the War Aims statement is being bandied from one Minister to another.

It is not a job for any one Minister.

It is the responsibility of the whole Cabinet. And the co-operation of the United States should be sought.

Particularly should we be able to tell the people of Europe *now* just how we propose to ensure food for them directly hostilities end.

A Man In Need

There is yet another reason.

We need an immediate propaganda offensive to counter the nonsense talked by our own little politicians.

Such nonsense as that uttered by bemonocled Herwald Ramsbotham, President of the Board of Education, who needs some of the education he is supposed to give to others.

The Cynic!

There must be no bombing reprisals against German schools.

Mightly! But listen to his reasons!

"Nazi education is so debasing the German character," he explains, "that in our interest it would be a pity to interfere with the process."

What a foundation for the New Europe!

Too Many of 'em

There are too many people like Mr. Ramsbotham in high places.

There are too few Ministers sufficiently clear-sighted to define our policies either for war or peace.

No National Policy

Still there is no sign of a wages policy.

Some workers are granted increases to cover the rises in the cost of living.

Others are told that they must be content to tighten their belts.

And still, we repeat once again, there is no national policy for finance, or agriculture, or production, or the use of manpower, or the land, or transport!

Prospects Diminish

Unless these vital policies are framed quickly, Britain's prospect of quick victory will diminish.

Until they are framed, it is useless to talk about post-war reconstruction.

Unless the enemies in our own land are curbed, we shall not harness our full strength.

Communists are sowing dissension in our war factories.

There are unofficial strikes fomented by professional agitators. They are taking advantage of Labour participation in the Government.

Smooth These Out

Grievances may exist.

There is machinery to smooth them out.

But these agitators do not scruple to invent grievances.

Typical is the advice to workers in one war factory to strike against the stoppage from their pay of 35s. a week income-tax

To pay so much tax, a worker must earn at least £9 a week if he is single, or £12 if he is married and has one child.

Where. then, is the grievance?

And the Saboteurs

Why do we allow them to continue their dirty work?

"We must not offend Russia," it is said. "Do not embarrass Sir Stafford Cripps. Trust Eden."

We do trust Mr. Eden. We also know that Russia, shamefully unready for war, does not want a German victory that would leave her at Hitler's mercy.

It is doubtful if factory agitators are obeying orders from Moscow.

It is certain that we cannot allow the work stoppages they are allowed to engineer.

Test Them Now!

Publication of our War Aims would offset most of the arguments by which they win the support of muzzy-headed dupes.

It would fulfil the demand of all thinking people. It would be a powerful inducement to the people of Germany and Italy to pull their punches.

Let us tell them, also, of the mighty blows in store for them unless they speedily obtain peace.

Bigger and Better

The big air offensive, predicted by JOHN BULL months ago, has begun.

Still greater will be the R.A.F. campaign in the Spring, when hundreds of fighters will win air supremacy over the conquered lands as surely as they have won it in Britain.

New bombers will range over all Germany. The "Flying Fortress" from the U.S.A., with its bomb load of five tons, can fly to Berlin and back with its petrol tanks only half full.

Its 3,000 mile range includes Prague and Austria.

And new British bombers will have an even finer performance!

(Continued overleaf.)

AIR RAIDS! GAS ATTACK! INVASION!

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYDS

FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have already registered automatically qualify for the full range of 1941 Benefits and need not re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

Readers who have not yet registered may use the coupons which appeared in "John Bull" last week, or obtain these on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● Greatest blow yet received by Axis propaganda in Spain was desertion from Bardia of General (Electric Whiskers) Berganzoli. Chief of Italian forces during the Spanish Civil War, he is intimate friend of present Foreign Minister Suner.

● *Nazi complaint to Yugo-Slav Government about the growth of pro-British feeling has been ignored. "Heil Churchill" is scribbled across Nazi posters in Belgrade.*

● Hitler is known to be raging at Stalin's distrust, which keeps more than a million German troops on the Soviet frontier.

● Despite Gestapo threats and Quisling bribes, Nazis in Norway are losing more ground every day—immobilising even more troops.

● *In Denmark, sabotage is wrecking agriculture. Four committees of German experts have failed to ensure smooth working.*

● Goebbels has been making almost daily telephone calls to Japanese Minister of Propaganda, demanding a campaign against Britain under Nazi supervision. Refusal has been blunt.

● Further friction between Berlin and Tokio has been caused by Pacific Ocean Nazi raider's use of Jap flag, which may provoke Japan to back out from Axis pact.

● *Russia has again turned down German suggestions to give a hearing to Japanese delegation, which has been in Moscow for three months trying to negotiate a non-aggression pact.*

● Arab chiefs east and south of Suez have banned all German and Italian newsreels

● All but a few members of Italian armistice commissions in French North Africa have asked to be relieved of their duties. Many have also asked to be allowed to recover from "ill-health" in Spain instead of returning to Italy.

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

CAPT. MARGESSON, new War Minister, starts badly by saying that the War Office is at last making a report on the great Army camps scandal.

He won't promise that M.P.s shall be allowed to see it.

So much to hide?

They Were Sacked

An Army officer and a civil engineer were sacked for daring to report scandalous waste in camps.

One of them now tells us of a letter he has received from a Government employee.

This man says he and his fellow-workers have been warned that if they wrote to the dismissed officer they would be dismissed.

No attempt has been made to muzzle JOHN BULL, which exposed many camp scandals. And no one had better try!

Believe It or Not

No one will stop us from attacking the fumbling employers and bumbling officialdom that hamper war production.

This week's examples.

In one factory, ex-managers of dress shops and ex-commercial travellers have been appointed overlookers after two months' training.

Now they stroll round watching men with years of engineering experience.

Luton woman applied for war work. After six months she has just been officially informed that she isn't wanted.

They Were Refused

Iron works has been idle for weeks, slack since last April.

One worker who applied for permission to seek a busier job was refused.

Miner on half-time asked to leave for a full-time war job. He was refused.

Is the idea to drag out the war as long as possible for the benefit of the few?

Wouldn't Be Missed

In the North-West, workers who arrive without their gas-masks are sent home and have their wages "docked."

Departmental and office chiefs can please themselves.

No one would miss them if they were gassed!

Batting for Hitler

One large works is in an area where no enemy action has yet taken place. Directly the sirens sound, all employees must go to shelter, wasting hours every week.

Strange how many people here are willing to play Hitler's game!

Just the Bunk, Sir

Man with wide experience as an engineer wants a job. His discharge papers from the Navy are marked, "exceptional abilities."

His eyesight is excellent. But his age is sixty-five.

So he's "too old" to get work.

"I guess the shout for skilled engineers is just bunkum," he says.

Plenty to be Done

Much younger man, a university graduate, is also unlucky.

He's debarred from work because his father was born in Holland, though he's lived here for forty years and is naturalised.

Britain's director of man-power is Sir William Beveridge.

He'll have to work overtime.

Here's One Reform

Success in recent examinations for commissions in the Navy and Marines has been won by as many lads from the lesser-known public and secondary schools as by those from the so-called great public schools.

It's good to know that the Admiralty is starting to break down the "blue blood" tradition.

Pork for Supper

Food shortage? Not at some R.A.F. camps.

We hear of men getting a pound of pork each for supper, which they didn't want, but daren't give away.

Men at one or two other camps would be glad to get such ample rations.

So would the public in meatless districts.

Sausage Profit

Unscrupulous butchers are able to use ordinary supplies of meat for making sausages which contain little meat and therefore yield a handsome profit.

Has the Ministry of Food heard about it?

Such a Nitwit!

There will be compulsory billeting if munition workers cannot find lodgings. We are glad to hear it.

Yet Liverpool M.P.s say that on one corporation housing estate, which could be used for workers, 642 houses have been taken for the internment of aliens!

The beefwit who chose Liverpool for an internment camp should be locked up himself for the public safety.

Penalising Wives

Profiteering on billets is as rampant as ever.

Women who visit their husbands in a big southern base are able to get only the poorest accommodation at fantastic prices. Pound a night is often demanded by rapacious landladies.

If food is not included, it cannot be found in the town on Sundays, when all cafés and the W.V.S. canteen are shut.

Bristol Is Angry

Bitter anger is reported from Bristol because of delay in evacuating children.

Many who should have been sent away are said to have been killed by Nazi bombs.

What have the authorities to say?

No Future for Them

Some evacuated children have certainly been forgotten.

One teacher says it is "heartbreaking" to see them in a makeshift school that has no heating and where the temperature is sometimes below freezing point.

No lessons for them!

The teacher keeps them from turning into icicles by games in the morning and dancing in the afternoon.

But their future will suffer unless officialdom bestirs itself.

Rather Be Bombed

Women have been heard to say that they would rather return to bombed cities than wait outside Paignton Food Office in bad weather for information.

That's not the only district where evacuees suffer needless hardships in order to get their ration books.

Now why on earth aren't all such arrangements made before the evacuees arrive?

Means Test Screw

Mr. Churchill promised us blood and tears. Trust the Means Test to fulfil his promise!

Holloway man, unable to work for seven months because of tuberculosis, has spent all his savings.

Appealing to the Public Assistance Committee he was told that before he could be given a penny, his wife must expend the few pounds she has in the Post Office savings bank.

That isn't a test of means, but of human patience.

A Parcel of Teeth

Indigestion should soon give more work to doctors.

Three-fifths of Britain's dental supplies used to be imported. No imports are now allowed. And all home-produced dental goods are reserved for Service use.

A parcel of 15,000 teeth occupies only a cubic yard of shipping space.

So the import ban must be reckoned one of the Board of Trade's minor blunders.

Mean Machine

Chocolate can still be found in automatic machines.

But the machines on Ashtead (Surrey) Station, among others, will accept all the pennies you care to put in without surrendering a single bar.

Company owning the machines must owe unwary travellers quite a lot.

From £10 to 35s.!

Boom in the building trade must be yielding nice profits for some, for there's money in the wreckage caused by Nazi bombs.

Householder was quoted £10 for repairs to a roof.

Being a wise man, he found another builder, who charged him 35s.

Your Last Chance

So overwhelming is the demand for "How it is Made," the amazing new book available to JOHN BULL readers at a special privilege price, that this offer must soon be withdrawn.

In more than 400 drawings, photographs and diagrams, the book shows how modern marvels are planned, constructed and assembled.

Turn to page 22 of JOHN BULL and post the Final Application Form immediately.

It's your last chance.

UNTIE our HANDS!

NO one can tell the exact character of the emergency situations we may be called upon to face, but this nation's hands must not be tied while the nation's life is in danger.

Do you remember who said that? Was it Mr. Churchill, rallying his Ministers to disciplined service under a new Home Front command; or Mr. Bevin, exhorting Capital and Labour to supreme collaboration?

It was neither of these. It was no other than President Roosevelt, whose country is 3,000 miles away from the world war.

We live with the enemy at our gates, and our night skies are livid with the flame of battle.

We *do* know "the exact character" of the peril which confronts us.

And yet millions of our hands are still tied.

After Dunkirk, the people of these islands prepared furiously to resist invasion.

JOHN BULL tells you that the threat of invasion has only been postponed, and not averted.

Hitler will almost certainly attempt invasion this year, and possibly within the next few weeks.

He has little choice, for he is fighting for his life as definitely as we are fighting for ours.

Already he is master of two-thirds of the Continent of Europe, and millions who hate him are forced to toil in his arsenals and shipyards. He commands a mighty army and an air force of great strength.

But he cannot control the masses indefinitely either in occupied territory or even in Germany itself. He must attack. He must seek a decision here in this country, where alone he can hope to obtain one.

That is why JOHN BULL calls upon the Government to free our hands while there is yet time.

We need to concentrate simultaneously upon two distinct tasks. The first is to smash a German invasion no matter how soon it may be attempted. The second is to build up a striking force which is strong enough to carry the war into the enemy's country and to win a decisive victory.

Man-power is the key to success in both tasks, but it must be man-power geared to maximum efficiency. In other words, every able-bodied adult ought to be employed to the best advantage.

This war is not comparable to the last, for we are all in the front line now. In many instances the civilian is running more risk than the Service man, and the A.R.P. workers of both sexes are definitely "shock troops."

But that is not the real point. JOHN BULL does not care what job any man or woman is doing providing he or she is giving the country the best possible value.

Munition workers, farm labourers, fishermen, ship-builders, miners and railwaymen are as important to the country as any fighting man.

We know that young blood is hot and that most young people want to be in active service, but the overriding duty of every citizen is to put the country's needs before his own inclinations.

Age does not matter, risks do not matter, medals don't matter for their own sake. All we need is to have the right men and women in the right places, and no waste either of brain or brawn.

To-day—and it is not a bit of good to shirk the fact—there is a spate of man-power running to waste.

There are still more than 700,000 unemployed, and of this total there must be approximately 500,000 employable men and women.

Furthermore, there are literally millions of citizens who are not employed to the best national advantage.

Sometimes their hands are tied by the schedule of reserved occupations; sometimes they are entangled in red tape.

JOHN BULL realises with grave anxiety that the Government has so far made no determined or intelligent attempt to free them.

It is true that Sir William Beveridge has now been appointed under Mr. Ernest Bevin to take full-time charge of man-power, but he has no Cabinet rank.

And we are unchanged in our conviction that the Premier ought to unify the country's entire economic and industrial policy under the control of a single "Home Front" chieftain.

We need a second Roosevelt here, a man with

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR *by the Editor*

a clear-cut plan of action and the authority to carry it out.

The President asked Congress for unprecedented powers. "Personally," he explained, "I do not want them, but *somebody* must have them, for, if the policy of the United States is to help the Democracies, then methods of speed must be provided which are strictly legal."

Naturally, when the Nazi propagandists got hold of this, they sneered at Mr. Roosevelt for copying their methods.

Let them sneer. American citizens know, and we know, too, that whatever emergency powers a free people may confer upon its leaders are limited to the duration of the emergency itself.

HERE we have given our Government all the powers for which it asked, but they have been delegated to too many authorities. They leak away on that account, and there is no head of steam to drive our war machine at top speed.

JOHN BULL observes a dangerous tendency to replenish one vital service by depleting another. There is not the slightest excuse for this maniac policy of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Take agriculture. To-day and in the months to come the maintenance of home-grown food supplies is a matter of life and death to the community, and yet more farm hands may be called to the Colours!

This is madness. We cannot afford to release a single skilled man from agriculture. He cannot be replaced. Women can help on the farms, but they have neither the strength nor the experience of skilled men born and bred on the land.

JOHN BULL realises that the Fighting Services will call progressively for more and more recruits, and that they must have them.

But there are hundreds of thousands of youngish men still engaged in non-essential work. Many of them are fretting to leave their offices or shops. Most of them could be replaced by women, and we think that some of them would not need to be replaced at all.

During the last war the Services had to release a host of skilled workers who ought never to have been called up. If we go on as we are doing, we shall certainly repeat that stupid blunder of the past.

JOHN BULL, therefore, urges an immediate and drastic revision of the schedule of reserved occupations.

WE warn the Government against taking trained men from any war industry or any vital national service until every able-bodied man of military age has been combed out of the "non-essential" occupations.

And we should like to see the bureaucratic rabbit-warrens combed out before all others, for there are tens of thousands of clerks in ministerial and municipal offices who could be swiftly and competently replaced by women.

Unfortunately, the man-power muddle goes deeper than this, for it is not enough to retain skilled men at their own jobs. To secure maximum national efficiency they *must* be given full-time work, and an industrial army of semi-skilled workers *must* be trained to supplement their efforts.

JOHN BULL is as anxious to avoid compulsion as Mr. Ernest Bevin himself, but we know that thousands of willing workers are now forced to waste time because materials are so often not available just where and when they are needed. Or because managements are slack, and trivial disputes occur which could have been avoided

Why do these things happen? Simply because the Government has no concerted plan for the control of war time industry and has not appointed an economic second-in-command to the Premier himself.

We have no faith in new committees or new "executives" with no new men to direct them. We have not much faith even in new men, unless they are ready to adopt new methods and are given the authority to apply them.

Indeed, we hold that the time has come for the Government to free its hands, and ours, by a drastic revision of general policy. We think that, in the last extreme, it should not hesitate to conscript both labour and capital.

"Methods of speed *must* be provided which are strictly legal." We have not a moment to lose. If our present legal machinery cannot be geared up to the necessary speed, then we must scrap it and put in new machinery that can.

JOHN BULL still believes, however, that what the country needs more than new machinery is a first-class "chief engineer."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT WAR TIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1941

LAST week we announced our Great War Time Security Gift for 1941, under which JOHN BULL offers all readers a Free Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

The scheme, which is gigantic in its scope and understanding, applies to all civilian readers without restriction, including Wardens, Home Guards, Spotters, Fire Fighters, A.F.S., Fire Watchers, Police, etc.

This week alone we have distributed to registered readers or their dependents no less than £2,400—eloquent testimony of the practical nature of this vital national service, which JOHN BULL alone offers to readers absolutely *Free*.

In addition, JOHN BULL provides comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against Fire, Storm, Flood, Burglary, etc.

Registered readers automatically qualify for the full range of benefits incorporated in JOHN BULL'S War Time Security Gift for 1941. There is no need to re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

Registration forms can be cut from last week's JOHN BULL or obtained, on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.), to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. W. S. KELLY, Australian Sheep Farmer

DEAR SIR,—You ask why huge areas in Britain are given over to rabbits and rubbish in the midst of the world's greatest siege.

You want to know why they should not grow pasture for sheep, as light soil has been made to do in Australia.

I will tell you.

Because the job is too big for local committees.

Because the Government is too scared of vested interests to draw up a national plan for reclaiming derelict land.

Because we are still palmed off with half-hearted half-measures.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. MARCESSON, M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—Allowances to soldiers' dependants should be without the indignity and parsimony of a merciless Means Test.

Before he was called up, a young man gave his mother £2 a week. Because his firm is allowing her 5s. a week, her Army allowance has been cut by this amount.

Another mother has had her allowance reduced because a relative has been helping her to meet expenses.

Do you not feel shame in reading such examples as these?—JOHN BULL.

The A.F.S., Saffron Walden

DEAR LADS,—Foggy thinking made you threaten to resign if a conscientious objector were allowed to join your ranks. Mere expediency has led the council to support you.

Let that pacifist be a fireman and he'd do as hazardous a job as any soldier. Ban him, and you insult that freedom of opinion we are all pledged to defend.

Apparently you are scared of the A.F.S. becoming known as a C.O.'s service.

Well, even if it had been recruited exclusively from pacifists it would still deserve the nation's admiration.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMANDANT, Observer Corps

SIR,—Imagine how your men feel on a headland five hundred feet above the sea, in thick snow and a biting nor'-easter, maybe.

They felt a bit warmer when, weeks and weeks ago, they heard that adequate clothing would at last be provided.

Yet still they have only six waterproofs among twenty men—and thin boiler suits.

Will the overcoats arrive next winter?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—You urge allotment-holders to grow more onions. They'd like to. But they cannot afford to pay 3s. an ounce for onion seed.

Power to control agricultural prices is in your hands.

Use it to stop this monstrous racket.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—Of fifty-four Anderson shelters in one road, all except two have been waterlogged since their erection.

Persistent complaints from householders resulted in the arrival of workmen to concrete seven shelters. A day after they had been passed by an inspector they were as wet as before.

These householders have bought stirrup pumps, first-aid outfits, and stretchers to help in fighting the blitz.

But are they not more likely to have casualties if you fail to do your bit?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—Fareham magistrates are surprised. I am staggered.

Hearing a charge of theft, they have been told that 30 cwt. of coal had been obtained by the Government from a northern colliery for only 21s. 6d.

By what black magic is the private citizen compelled to pay three times as much?—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER, War Office

SIR,—Since last August a soldier in the Middle East has allotted his mother 3s. 6d. a week from his pay, yet she hasn't received a penny.

No doubt you are saving it up to give her a surprise after the war.—JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS GARDINER, Director-General, Post Office

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—Sceptics say that Rip Van Winkle never existed outside the fairy story. What nonsense!

He's on your staff in Brighton.

An expectant mother there wanted to communicate with her sailor husband, who was not getting the letters and parcels she sent him. So she sent him a prepaid telegram.

Two days later she was asked to verify the address on the telegram.

One hundred and sixty-eight hours later she was still awaiting the reply.

Then she was told by letter that "there is no direct telegraph service to H.M. ships."

One official, evidently, is determined not to hustle himself into undignified haste.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., 10, Downing Street

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You alone can cut the red tape strangling industry and forcing the nation to support an army of fussy time-wasters.

To urge Civil Servants to be less wordy was a brave move. But not bold enough.

Tell them to economise in paper, even though this might mean losing their footling jobs!

One ship in a north-east port was not allowed to sail until 10,500 forms had been completed by the harassed owners.

That is a fair example of the tomfoolery by which our export trade is hampered.

Here is another. An exporter received an immense form referring to the home market quota.

Days later an official called to offer advice.

"But I have no home trade," said the business man.

"No," the official agreed, "I've just called to explain that you needn't bother about the form. Just write 'Nil' across it and send it back to us."

The public is asked to give binoculars to merchant seamen and ground observers, but for every pair handed in the optician must complete five forms.

So it goes on. The results of this crazy paper-chase can be seen in the testimony of a girl who has resigned from a State Department rather than waste her time.

All she had to do was to see that certain forms had a certain number on them. The rest of the time was spent in tea-making and trying to look busy.

So she deliberately gave up a job that would eventually have brought her more than £5 a week.

She was penalised by the stoppage of her "dole."

Now the Referees' Court has shown its sympathy—and perpetuated injustice—by reducing her waiting period from six weeks to three.

She deserves, instead, a medal for calling attention to the scandalous waste of time and money.

And you, sir, will deserve yet more of our gratitude if you boot out the job-makers, who are mere parasites on the nation's war needs.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal A. C. CARROL, Chief of R.A.F. Training

DEAR SIR,—A man of twenty-six was passed for the R.A.F. last June. Yet he has had only one week's work since September.

No employer will engage him as he is liable for service.

His wife and baby are without funds. He has asked in vain to be called-up.

While such men are half-starving, appeals for more recruits are just rotten jokes.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—Thousands of loaves lying rotting in a London bakery—that was the information I privately passed to your Department a fortnight ago.

They have now been removed for pigs' food.

There is only one method of stopping wholesale waste—prompt prosecution.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL, Bodmin

GENTLEMEN,—The Minister of Health has done well to ask you whether some evacuees in your area are being charged excessive rent.

I hope your enquiries will be equally searching.

Profiteering landlords—and landladies—are petty traitors.

They should be treated as such.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—After a six months' course as an instrument maker at a Glasgow centre, a young man has been unemployed for a month.

He is told that there are no jobs available for instrument makers! Yet other young men are still being trained for this craft in your centre, still more accepted as trainees!

Is public money being wasted? Is the men's hope of war work being mocked?—JOHN BULL.

Prominent among Frank Stuart's stories of this war's DEEDS THAT WILL NEVER DIE is this epic of a soldier and his dog. Rich in sentiment, it shows that in the Hell of modern warfare an Englishman still treasures those things that to him represent the essence of life

Proudly taking their puppy with them, these British soldiers journey on, determined not to lose touch with the world that is kind to men and animals alike

The Puppy of Dunkirk

ACROSS fields, spewing out of hidden country lanes, thundering in mobs along roads, came ninety-ton German "snarler" tanks, followed by droves of armoured lorries packed with guns and men.

As they came from behind the crests of hills, from the edges of coppices bright with springtime green, from river valleys, from behind smashed and burned-out rubble that had once been peaceful little towns, there came the stabbing flashes of the British guns.

Tanks and lorries rolled over, and grey-coated infantrymen hurled themselves into ditches.

Behind them, German Generals cursed steadily because the British Army, outnumbered and betrayed, was making good its escape behind the staunch fire of the "dogged artillerymen."

Not for the first time in their history, the Royal Artillery stayed behind to cover the rest.

British guns moved back from ridge to ridge, wood to wood, village to village, always with their iron mouths snarling at the advancing hordes of grey.

"When we ran out of food, we killed all the animals we came across, tore them up with our bayonets and ate them raw," one Artilleryman said afterwards. "We all had beards, and our clothes looked like the Pirates' Chorus.

"Some of us wore pyjamas for several days—and fought in 'em, too!

Sleepless Fortnight

"That was because we'd been surprised by bombers at the start and had our kit destroyed. We were a fortnight without any sleep. We snored as we served the guns, but we held 'Jerry' back till he was afraid to press us too close."

One such unit of scarecrows marched into what had been a village and set to work like spectres to adjust the range at which fire should be opened when the pursuing hordes of Germans followed them.

A group of men went forward to occupy the ruins of a farmhouse sited as an artillery "Observation-Post."

As they worked, one of them heard a tiny whimper from beneath some rubble.

Digging with his hands for some time, he uncovered the body of a bitch sheltering four puppies.

Three were dead. The fourth was feebly moving its limbs.

When the bearded artilleryman picked up the blind puppy, and gently dusted away the dirt and blood, it tried to seize his finger between its soft, red gums.

"Poor little devil," he muttered. "You're hungry, too!"

Away on the horizon the growl of enemy guns began to rise in a furious crescendo

Steaming Craters

One shell, then another, then a salvo, pitched round the observation-post, spouting up dirt and stones and jagged lumps of iron.

A distant humming became audible, grew to a roar that burst the eardrums, whined down in dreadful proximity—and passed, leaving steaming craters of earth and reeking, pungent smoke as the Stukas passed on.

The man with the puppy sat up after the bombers had passed. He got to his feet and began to run across the open fields towards the gutted village.

From somewhere westward there came a dry rattling of machine-guns, but the bent form in torn and filthy khaki vanished among the ruins.

An occasional bullet whined and smacked, but he took no notice of that.

He ran crouching past smouldering heaps and over shattered walls and round craters and across dead bodies, and presently came to what had been a chemist's shop.

The windows were blown out, the door leaned drunkenly open.

Climbing through the jagged glass, the soldier forced his way inside. He put the puppy into his pocket to free both hands.

He wrestled with a beam, brought down a mass of brickwork, dug out a lot of dusty rubble and found beneath a counter, after half an hour of steady search, a baby's feeding-bottle.

Still Searching

His search began again.

The German big guns were much nearer. Machine-guns chattered constantly. Sometimes shells fell among the ruins, and the shuddering concussions shook down more bits of wall.

The soldier worked on as steadily as if he were in a laboratory. At last he found a cardboard box of rubber teats.

A new search began.

He came out into the street, and climbed along it till he came to a milk shop. But it was gutted and ruined. He searched for nearly an hour without effect.

Presently he returned to the observation-post.

He went by a roundabout route to call at various broken cottages.

In one of them he found a whole churn of milk untouched, near what had been some cowsheds.

He filled his water-bottle with milk, and his feeding-bottle, and even a small tabloid-bottle from his pocket that had contained ammoniated quinine tablets.

Then he returned to the observation-post

His comrades swore at him; they had been ready to go for half an hour, and had been waiting, at great risk, for his return. The battery was already on the road.

He did not answer them.

He was like a man in a dream.

He sat down, though the enemy barrage was now so fierce that the rest were all lying flat, and quietly diluted some milk with water, which he heated on a stick of Meta fuel.

Then he gave the blind puppy a meal.

The guns thudded. The shells whistled and whined and tore up great bits of earth. But the helpless puppy did not know that this was anything unusual.

It sucked its milk ravenously, and struggled with pudgy paws, and wriggled its pointed tail, and drank and drank and drank.

At last the gunner put it in his pocket, collected his things, and the group of them ran for the nearest cover.

Every day during that retreat, while men ate turnips raw and drank rain-water and tore up goats, that gunner found fresh milk for his puppy, warmed a little water to dilute it, and calmly fed it.

He seemed to forget the screeching bombers, the terrific weight of German shells, the everlasting threat of oncoming snarler tanks. He and his puppy lived in a little world apart, and the rest of his section respected his "madness."

And so they came at last to defend the flayed beaches of Dunkirk.

Great fires were burning all along the coast.

Dunkirk itself was in ruins.

Every road was smothered with dead, blocked with tides of desperate, filthy, tattered living, some in khaki, some in peasants' clothes, some in rags.

The sky was hidden by a great black pall.

Derricks and cranes on the quays stood stark against flame.

Ragged Officers

The heat from the fires was so great that troops could not get near the docks.

They wandered in masses, shepherded by blackened and ragged figures that once were officers and that still, in some incredible way, fostered discipline.

The artillerymen covering the retreat stood doggedly at their guns, holding back the onpouring German hordes from swamping the evacuation.

They used amazing tricks.

Once the Germans advanced, to find that the British guns were silent.

Whooping with joy, with arms linked and rifles over their backs, they advanced in great masses, drunk with victory.

Then the front ranks found their feet sinking into artificially flooded sand—deeper, deeper, deeper. . . .

They were singing and shouting so much that those behind forced those in front waist deep before it was realised what was happening.

"We could see the whites of their eyes—like the old days at Mons," one gunner said afterwards. "We gave them all we had, over open sights. It was ghastly.

"That night the Germans set fire to their own dead to smoke us off the beaches."

And at last even the gunners got the order to go.

Beaches a Shambles

The rest had gone.

The beaches were a shambles; equipment was flaming and crackling and smoking in vast pyres everywhere.

Under cover of the smoke, gunners tried to get a ship.

But it was not possible to get those artillerymen off for a time.

For three hours they lay on the beaches among the ruins, looking like dead among the dead.

Parched and starving and nine-tenths asleep, they remained beneath an awful hail of fire from the skies.

And still the man who had found the puppy covered it with his own body till night came...

And somehow he managed to feed it during that afternoon.

As evening mercifully darkened the sky, the gunners waded into the sea up to their armpits. And there they had to wait for *five hours*, with the water sometimes splashing up under their chins.

During that five hours the puppy was held on his owner's shoulder, and spent intervals sucking at the man's ear.

And then they were picked up.

The boat was overfilled and broached to and grounded, and most of them had to get out to lighten her.

Then they pushed her off again.

At last they got into some sort of ship, and fell down incontinently asleep on the wet decks, and had to be hauled like sacks out of the way of others staggering aboard in the darkness.

Dead to the World

They knew nothing of the attacks during the return journey, or how the ship travelled over half-submerged sandbanks that Hitler's advisers said could never be traversed, or how they rounded Hellfire Corner between the explosions of two consecutive German shells from guns on the coast.

When I saw the puppy, it was sitting between its owner's feet in the barber's shop of a tiny Westcountry town.

There I learned its story.

It eats with its master, sleeps with him, goes to the barber's with him. I don't know what it does when he has a bath, but I imagine it shares that, too.

It has never known any other parent.

With the wisdom that Armies rarely have, the Powers That Be have made no attempt to separate the soldier and his dog.

"O. P." (named from the Observation-Post where he was found) does not make himself conspicuous.

Authority can wink an eye, but neither Authority nor Hitler would ever part this pair between whom there is a love passing the love of women.

Next week—"*Listening to the Time-Bombs' Black Hearts.*"

Civilians are now an army, defending themselves, fighting fires, defying the enemy

Coloured Pins Track Jerry

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagence

I WENT through an entrance-hall with beds in it, down passages with beds in them, into a waiting-room with a bed in it.

I began to think I had wandered into a third-rate hotel at spring-cleaning time.

But no. It was the Ministry of Home Security. And my uniformed guide was proud when I mentioned those beds.

"We control Britain's 1,500,000 A.R.P. workers, auxiliary firemen and other civil defence people," he said.

"Every hour is a duty hour for them.

"Life is one big succession of shake-downs and makeshifts and emergency calls.

"They rough it and we rough it. And it's only right."

He didn't add that, taking part-time workers and whole-time together, their total wage bill is little more than £6,000,000 a year—little more than £4 a head a year.

I was proud to be in the War Office of Britain's civilian army—the cheapest army this world has ever known.

Here was the department in charge of the demolition of bombed property and the general clearing-up of Britain.

Getting the necessary labour is its great problem. It is grateful to the Pioneers.

There was the department that owns the nation's 60,000,000 gas-masks, 3,000,000 civilian tin-hats, 2,000,000 stirrup pumps, 1,500,000 oilskin suits and—phew!—400,000,000 filled sandbags.

And there the department whose job is to give us air-raid shelters.

That is a department of headaches, if you like.

They admit that we made a bad start.

They foresaw German squadrons flying directly across a target, dropping bombs—and then the "All Clear."

The public would take cover when the aircraft were approaching, emerge again a few minutes later when they had passed.

When "Jerry" came over at dusk, stayed till dawn, and wasn't too particular about targets, they had to drop the Jack-in-the-Box idea; they had to design shelters for people who wanted to use them from dusk to dawn.

And the public deserves beds in shelters, and warmth, and reasonable comfort. It must have hygiene.

It has to have a higher standard of hygiene than it has got to-day.

Split Ownership

An odd point arises here.

The Ministry of Health owns the air space within the public shelters, because it has to keep them healthy.

The Ministry of Security owns the fabric, and the responsibility of seeing that adequate shelters are built in sufficient numbers.

Psychology plays a great part in A.R.P.

That is why the practice of sending A.R.P. workers from dangerous to safe areas for a time, on an exchange basis, hasn't proved successful.

Most men and women are heroes when fighting to save their own home-towns.

They will be brave in somebody else's district—but not so determined.

Besides, the man who lives in the district knows it, knows the lay-out, the people, their habits, their movements.

One branch of the Ministry of Home Security's work must be touched on lightly.

The Control Room:

Coloured pins are moved at the height of a "blitz" to show on the map where bombs are falling, fires raging, rescue squads working and so on. This is the nerve centre of Civil Defence.

How the Ministry of Home Security hates the initials A.R.P.!

It says the word *Precaution* is out of date.

Civilians are now an army, defending themselves, ready to do what they are told.

In 30 Seconds

Civil Defence is the term to-day.

And Civil Defence owes a lot to that nerve centre.

There is received the news that "Jerry is on the way"—with details of direction, strength of attack and so on.

It takes only thirty seconds to get the Auxiliary Fire Service "on the road," less than a minute to have ambulances converging, two minutes to get rescue squads moving through the streets with their heavy derricks.

And the Ministry of Home Security owns the black-out.

I don't envy its Minister, Herbert Morrison.

The left half of him has to be Home Secretary, the right half Minister of Home Security.

While one half deals with raids, invasion possibilities as they concern the civil population, immobilisation of river craft, keeping roads clear, the other half has to consider that condemned murderer, decide some problem of police superannuation, watch refugees and aliens.

Too much, I say.

But Herbert says: "Not-enough."

And the Ministry of Home Security is going to give us more Home Security under Herbert.

CALAMITY 8 YEARS OLD

WILLI FRISCHAUER,

anti-Nazi journalist now in exile, describes his adventures in Berlin on the day eight years ago when Hitler first triumphed

FOR the first time I saw him nonplussed. Veteran of many wars and revolutions, he was a seasoned news editor, accustomed to the vagaries of Fate.

Yet that telegram had given him a shock. He gazed at it for a few seconds. "What a calamity," he said, "what a catastrophe."

And he handed me the slip of paper.

President Hindenburg appointed Adolf Hitler Reich Chancellor.

That was all. It was 10.30 on the morning of January 30, 1933.

Three hours later I was gliding to earth on the *Tempelhof* flying field in Berlin in a Junkers air-liner.

It was eight years ago. Yet I still remember the scramble for seats in outgoing air-liners. Hundreds of Germans were already bolting.

Gangs of brown-shirted rowdies, Hitler's S.A. thugs, were already taking their positions in the *Wilhemstrasse*, preparing for the torchlight procession that was to celebrate the Nazi triumph.

In the old Reichstag building (to be fired four weeks later by the Nazis to discredit the Communists) Nazi M.P.s were starting a brawl, roaming corridors, shouting and singing.

* * *

Frank, now Governor of Poland, was their leader.

In a fashionable apartment in the *Kleiststrasse* the "men who wangled it" were huddled in conference.

Among them was Oskar von Hindenburg, good-for-nothing son of the aged President, who had made his father sign Hitler's appointment.

Young Hindenburg drove his father on not so much to put Hitler in power as to remove German Reich-Chancellor General von Schleicher, who threatened to expose a scandal in which the Hindenburgs and other Junkers were concerned. Hitler promised to say nothing.

Then there was Hugenburg, nationalist newspaper owner, who was to become a Minister in Hitler's first Cabinet. Talking to him was a thin-faced greying man, Fritz Thyssen, son of Germany's wealthiest heavy industrialist.

Much of his fortune had gone to financing Hitler's campaign.

Well, where are they now?

Young Hindenburg has been banished to Castle Neudeck, the nation's gift to his father, and told not to dabble in politics.

After a few months as Cabinet Minister, Hugenburg was turned out powerless, disillusioned, and almost penniless.

* * *

Young Thyssen has become the mystery man of Europe.

A deposed Nazi Councillor of State, he appeared in France soon after the outbreak of war, a public prosecuter of the man he helped to put in the saddle.

Until he disappeared from his hotel on the French Riviera only a few weeks ago, he was still suspected of being a Fifth Columnist.

From the *Kleiststrasse* I went to the Hotel Kaiserhof, Berlin, headquarters of Hitler's henchmen.

Pacing the lounge, his fat legs and huge body shaking with emotion, was Hermann Goering, devoted Hitler adviser, who was to be Premier of Prussia.

But the Nazis with real power were huddled together upstairs.

They all looked to Ernst Roehm, chief of the "S.A.," an ex-army officer who had gone in search of adventure in Bolivia and other unsettled countries until Germany again offered opportunities to the ruthless swashbuckler.

With him was an effeminate young man, formerly a waiter in a Berlin hotel, who was in command of the Berlin "S.A."

He was Roehm's best friend.

Hitler personally thanked these two, said Roehm was the best friend he had ever had, and added: "I shall never forget their assistance."

Yet a year later these two—and many others—were killed in a "purge" ordered by Hitler.

Hurrying to take up his new position as Premier of Saxony, Killinger, the most ruthless killer of all the Nazi bosses, was too busy to speak to me. He is now Nazi Minister in Rumania.

I watched sleek von Papen, Nazi jack-in-the-box, set out on another Hitler mission. Playboy of diplomacy, this ex-spy has been in and out of scrapes with the Fuehrer ever since.

I tried to see Goebbels, but the limping doctor was too busy.

But, as I left the Kaiserhof, three obvious thugs jumped out of a car that stopped at the entrance.

They formed a bodyguard around a thickset man with watery bespectacled eyes, who hurried across the pavement, scanning his surroundings suspiciously.

Few persons recognised Himmler, secret police chief, whose Gestapo was to be the worst terror Europe has known for many a long day.

I talked with the Jew Hanussen, Hitler's astrologer. He had predicted success and so he was fêted, but a few months later he was murdered by his Nazi friends. He knew too much.

* * *

In the evening I went to the *Wilhelmstrasse* to watch the torch-carrying Storm Troopers.

I wanted to watch Hitler. Only a few months before I had seen him in Munich, an insignificant, fidgety man, with watery lips, the eyes of a maniac, wearing a shabby raincoat, his hands running nervously in and out of his pockets, a soft hat pushed awkwardly over his brow.

But before I was able to push through the crowds, Hitler had left the balcony.

So I cannot tell you what that man looked like on the day he first cast his shadow over the world.

RIDDLE of RUSSIA

WITH the decision of the United States to become "the arsenal of Democracy" and to see this struggle through to the end, the position of all the major "pieces" on the board is known—with one exception.

In its barest terms, this is a war between the British Empire and Hitler's Germany. But there are six major "pieces" concerned.

On the one side is the British Commonwealth of Nations, with the moral and material power of the United States mobilised behind it.

On the other is Germany, supported by a damaged and reluctant Italy and a hesitant Japan, with one foot in the war and one out.

We know where all these "pieces" stand to-day. Where they will stand a year hence we do not know.

As to the "pawns," the balance is decidedly with us. Greece is actually fighting on our side against the more battered member of the Axis. Turkey, if drawn into the struggle, will be ranged with us against Hitler. And China is fighting in the same cause as our own.

Immense Consequences

In so far as the rest—Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, France, and so on—have any independent existence, they are almost without exception spiritually with us. That fact will have immense material consequences later.

This is not a bad reckoning from our point of view.

BUT THERE IS STILL ONE MAJOR "PIECE" UNACCOUNTED FOR—RUSSIA. AND THE ATTRACTIONS AND REPULSIONS OF THAT POWERFUL BODY MUST HAVE AN IMPORTANT BEARING ON EVENTS.

Judging from the German *communiqués*, Hitler has got Stalin in his pocket. Whenever he is stunned by an unexpected blow, Hitler flourishes some diplomatic victory to readjust the balance. And his reaction to Roosevelt's "arsenal of Democracy" speech is to flaunt his new agreement with Soviet Russia as an evidence that Stalin is with him up to the hilt.

This is in accordance with his unvarying strategy. In every emergency he plays the Russian bogey.

When he invaded Poland, Stalin was his trump card. He believed that it would frighten us into shameful surrender. It didn't.

When Turkey first showed signs of coming into our orbit it was Goebbels who spread the alarmist rumour that Russia contemplated a descent on Asia Minor and India.

One-Sided Jubilation

When gallant Greece called Mussolini's bluff and Hitler sought to bring Bulgaria to heel, he gave the world to understand that he had given Stalin a free hand in Finland in exchange for a free hand in the Balkans.

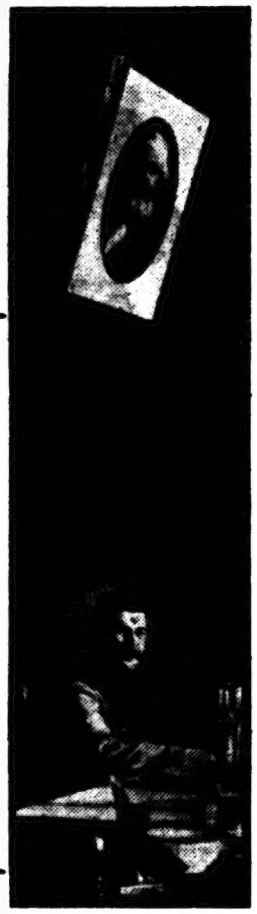
And so, now that the die is cast in America, he boasts Comrade Stalin—no longer "the scum of Moscow"—has agreed to give him untold supplies of wheat and oil for the prosecution of the war. If the United States is to be "the arsenal of Democracy," Russia is to be the arsenal of the Dictators.

But in all these and other cases a significant fact is to be observed. The jubilation is always on the side of Hitler. It is never Stalin who throws his cap up in the air.

On the contrary, he usually administers a cold douche to Hitler's ecstasies. Thus, he denied the Berlin report that he had sold the Balkan pass to Hitler. And at the very moment that Hitler was raising his hallelujahs over the new trade deal with Russia, the fact was announced that Stalin had made a similar deal with China,

By A. G. GARDINER

The day is coming when Stalin will have to relinquish his seat on the fence from which he has been watching the war. Marx may well pity him as he watches from a place of honour on the wall



the effect of which is to help her to continue her fight against Germany's Axis partner, Japan.

From all this it is clear that Stalin has not yet been inveigled into Hitler's parlour. He has not committed himself to the Axis as Roosevelt has committed the United States to the cause of Britain.

His present policy is to sit resolutely on the fence and wait events. It is a policy that has paid him well and that fits in with the three objects he has in view.

The first is to keep out of the war.

Events have played into his hand. He wanted a European war of which he would be a spectator and in which the Western Powers would bleed themselves white. The more desperately that war is waged the better his purpose is served, and the longer he stays out of it the more his relative position will be strengthened.

He wants Russia to stay out of the war for another reason. He knows the inherent weakness of that Colossus with the feet of clay. By staying out he gains time and makes sure that he is not involved on the losing side.

Anxious to Survive

STALIN PROBABLY DOES NOT CARE MUCH WHICH SIDE WINS. WHAT HE DOES CARE ABOUT IS THAT HIS OWN DICTATORSHIP SHOULD SURVIVE THE WRECK.

And his second object is to make profit out of the war. How successful he has been in this a glance at the map from Finland to Bessarabia will show. A vast slice of Western Europe has passed into his possession by the simple process of sitting on the fence and allowing himself to be photographed with Ribbentrop. How the wretched Mussolini must envy his superior cunning!

The third object is the result of the same cunning. Stalin knows the value of Great Expectations. He keeps the world guessing. While he remains uncommitted, the price of his Colossus, in spite of its feet of clay, is always rising. It may be greatest of all if he should emerge from the war without having struck a blow.

What, then, is the solution of the Riddle of Russia? On which side, if either, will she ultimately take her stand? I shall venture no forecast, for I remember the stab in the back of Poland too vividly to offer an opinion.

A Gospel Perished

But there are certain considerations which may suggest a conclusion. The first is that there is no ideological gulf between Hitler and Stalin any longer.

It has been truly said that the gospel of pure Communism perished with Lenin. He was the slave of a doctrine, and in his way was a great and disinterested man. Even in his lifetime the doctrine was undergoing change, and since his death most of those who shared his spirit and his aims have been slain.

ALL THAT IS LEFT IS A PERSONAL TYRANNY AND A SYSTEM OF TOTALITARIANISM INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THAT OF GERMANY. LIBERTY OF LIFE, OF THOUGHT, OF EXPRESSION, OR OF ACTION, IS AS EXTINCT IN RUSSIA AS IT IS IN HITLER'S GERMANY.

The attitude to religion, to property, to the intellect, to personal independence, to the Press, to representative government, and to all the things we understand by Democracy, is as ruthless in the one country as in the other.

Both are naked and barren despotisms. And it is significant that the little mob of so-called Communists in this country, who take their marching orders from Moscow, are campaigning for peace with Hitler. Why they are allowed a liberty now properly denied to the Fascists is difficult to understand.

But that by the way. The point is that in policy and aim Hitler and Stalin have no quarrel. They have a common hatred of Democracy.

Deutschland uber Alles

On the other hand, dictators are born to rule alone. Like the queen bee, they tolerate no rival, and Stalin is astute enough to know that if Hitler wins the war and it comes to a "show-down" between Russia and Germany, it is not he, nor Russia, that will survive. It will be "Deutschland über Alles" from the Vistula to Vladivostock Hence those formidable defences that are being built from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

And there is another like consideration. In sacrificing their ideologies, both despots have reverted to a frenzied Imperialism. Stalin has revived the policy of Tsarism in its most aggressive form, and Hitler has raised the Imperialism of the German race to the status of a religion, with himself as the Redeemer.

In the light of these facts, it is not easy to see that there can be any long-term understanding between the rival dictators. A short-term understanding between them there may be, each keeping a firm grip on his shooting-iron meanwhile.

But in the end their collision is inevitable, and it may well be that Stalin would prefer to see Hitler disposed of, even by the hated democratic power, than left, with the prestige of victory, to administer the knock-out to himself.

SHELTERS STILL A DANGER

SOMETHING has been done to make Britain's air raid shelters not only safer but also more comfortable since I first commented in these columns on their inefficiency, yet there is still a lot to be accomplished

One of my investigators had only to make the short journey from this office to the East End of London to be confronted with conditions that would have been a disgrace even before a Ministry of Health official told the nation:

"*We have tried to make air raid shelters fit places for people to sleep in, but we admit that much remains to be done.*'

Since then Lord Horder's committee has investigated the scandal, Members of Parliament have grown indignant, yet there are many shelters in London and the provinces without proper sanitation, ventilation or drainage. They are not even weatherproof.

My investigator found 750 persons sleeping in an East End shelter that was built to accommodate only 500.

There were no bunks.

Some persons can sleep on forms, but others have to lie on concrete floors.

Foul Atmosphere

There is no effective ventilation, and the atmosphere becomes foul in a few hours.

Yet many persons spend 12 to 15 hours in this shelter.

In rainy weather water seeps down the walls and flows across the floor.

Many shelterers have to stand to avoid lying in water. Those sitting with backs to the walls find that their clothes become soaked.

There are a few chemical closets, but the only concession to decency is a small sacking curtain which gives no privacy.

Anyway, you cannot reach the lavatories in the night because the approaches are packed with sleeping people.

There is no nurse in attendance, and two wardens are unable to supervise 750 persons.

That this state of affairs is not confined to the East End of London is shown by letters from persons all over the country complaining of unhealthy shelters.

Minister of Health Malcolm MacDonald is among the Government leaders who must insist on local authorities putting an end to shelter scandals.

They echo a report made to the Surbiton Council by the Medical Officer, Dr. N. H. Linzee, on the dreadful conditions that he found in the Tolworth, Surrey, shelters.

Dreadful Conditions

Visiting a shelter one morning, after three days without rain, he complained of the lack of sanitation, the heavy smell, overflowing lavatories, moisture from condensation, and passages running with water.

Three-tier bunks were inadequate, he added. There was not enough space between the tiers, and one of the bunks into which he climbed immediately collapsed.

Following the doctor's indictment, the Council is planning extra lavatory facilities, appointing additional marshals and considering heating apparatus for the shelters.

It is also considering making arrangements for medical supervision in the shelters to fight any outbreak of infectious disease.

But these grandiose plans, which include a medical bay, equipped with surgical instruments, are to be introduced when the darkest days are passing. These changes should have been made in the autumn.

While bunks have been provided in many surface shelters the problem of damp has been ignored.

Condensation causes a steady drip of moisture from walls and ceilings, and uppermost bunks cannot be used because water drips incessantly on to bedding and clothing.

Conditions in a large shelter in dockland are so severe that hundreds of persons now prefer to risk being bombed in their homes rather than sacrifice their health.

A detachment of R.A.F. men used to sleep in the shelter, until 75 per cent. of them were on the sick list.

Then the shelter was placed out of bounds.

A shelter intended to hold eight hundred persons in London's Bethnal Green often accommodates fifteen hundred.

There is a shortage of bunks and sanitary facilities.

Ventilation is poor.

When people protested improvements were promised.

Months later two small wash basins were installed!

From district to district and from shelter to shelter there is still the same story.

Inspection of eighteen corporation shelters in Manchester, each built to accommodate fifty persons, showed that eight were flooded and ten were damp. Others were wet and cold, and lacked proper sanitary conveniences.

"Stay at Home"

After Lord Horder had toured the shelters in Manchester, he advised people to "stay at home during the raids."

The same can be said of a dozen other important towns.

Millions of pounds has been spent on shelters, yet many of them are a greater danger to the public than bombs.

We have had reports on shelters, we have had recommendations, and promises from politicians that the shelters would be made decent and healthy. But little has come of them.

Lord Horder's report on the shelters was delayed for several months, and then, after much pressure, only a "cut" version was issued.

Even such simple recommendations as:

Cleansing of the air by "disinfecting mist"

Disinfection of walls and floors

Provision of antiseptic masks

have not been carried out.

Must an epidemic of disease and illness sweep the shelters before action is taken by local authorities?

THEY'RE AFTER YOUR MONEY

BEWARE the non-existent cottage in the country to be let at a reasonable rent to homeless families from bombed areas.

Many readers have already been duped by an advertisement describing an unoccupied cottage near Aylesbury to be let at 17s. a week.

References were required, but to obtain the keys a deposit of 10s. had to be paid. This was returnable!

Investigations show that the advertiser, using an accommodation address in West London, had no cottage, and was merely extracting 10s. notes from as many innocents as possible.

* * *

AIR-RAID conditions are also responsible for a new burst of activity among "dud" apartment agencies.

A Harrow reader paid a guinea to a West End agency that promised to send her paying guests.

Not a guest arrived, and letters of protest remained unanswered.

There have been complaints from other readers who have paid guineas and have received nothing in return.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

THIS week's Public Benefactor guinea goes to H. E. Smith, of Longland Road, Northampton, who has supplied "John Bull" with valuable information of a scandal that needs exposing.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Back at Their Old Tricks

WELL, two of our oldest friends have come back to life with a rush, if we are to judge by the deluge of threatening letters with which they have tried to flood the post offices.

C. J. Pickering, otherwise known as the Catherine Press, United Kingdom Holiday Guide, British Travel Association, and Holiday Travel by Coach, is pouring out threats from his hotel in King's Road, Brighton, which he describes as his Debt Recovery Department.

But nobody takes any notice of him!

Then friend Readhead, whose American junk encyclopaedia is handled under the pompous alias of Consolidated World Research Society, Ltd., is employing a duplicator to turn out his empty threats.

He indignantly tells you that the debt is being handed over to a debt-collecting agency, which in its turn writes to say that a local solicitor has been instructed to "proceed immediately."

But as the threatening letters are frequently posted in the wrong envelopes on the wrong dates, they let the cat out of the bag.

Ignore the threats, but don't stop the letters.

Every time these men send out a threat, another 2½d. goes to the Revenue.

CHEERS FOR MISS RUBENS

"Can you write a 'Cheer Poem'? If so, Miss Aida Rubens will be glad to hear from you."

MISS RUBENS' appeal to budding poets is sponsored by Spearman Publishers, of Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and to inspire the poets she dangles prizes amounting to £10 before their weary eyes.

After buying a copy of Miss Aida Rubens' anthology "Stardust," they must then say how many copies of the new anthology of "Cheer Poems" they will buy at five shillings each should their work be "selected for publication."

Miss Rubens, of Spearman Publishers, has always been eager to help.

Not long ago she was offering to teach novices how to make money from "Sentiment and Greeting Cards publishers."

* * *

No less eager to help are Messrs. Spearman Publishers, who control the British Songwriters' Club.

Memberships costs would-be composers a pound a year, and it enables them to engage in the war on bogus publishers which the promoters assert they have been waging for years.

* * *

Meantime, Spearman Publishers sent a Northampton reader a "Portfolio" of "sufficient facts for the writing of four or more articles," accompanied by an offer of typewriting at reduced charges.

As the facts in the "Portfolio" contained twenty-five typewriting errors it is not difficult to see why the charges have been reduced.

Spearman Publishers also offer "two specialised courses for poets and songwriters valued at six guineas," for a guinea!

Having studied these courses, the enthusiast will presumably be able to write a "Poem" to gladden the heart of Miss Aida Rubens, or a song that will cheer Messrs. Spearman Publishers, who will then welcome him (on payment of a guinea fee) as a member of the British Songwriters' Club.

Meantime, I await developments in the war on "bogus publishers."

Talking to Sudeten Nazi leader Konrad Henlein (right), Dr. Seyss-Inquart is probably explaining why he is finding it difficult to make the Dutch appreciate the "New Order" that Hitler expected him to introduce in the Netherlands

Hitler's New Hell

● Best evidence of Europe's present unrest was the conference of staff officers from Germany's armies of occupation in Berlin only a few days ago. It was called by Chief of the Gestapo, Heinrich Himmler, to discuss methods of checking sabotage and "disturbances." With this article, a special correspondent starts a series devoted to exposing the conditions in which the conquered peoples are now living.

QUIET humour is the secret weapon with which the Dutch are successfully sabotaging Hitler's efforts to create a "New Order" in the Netherlands.

Other weapons in the Dutch armoury of resistance range from downright defiance to hidden machine-guns, but none succeeds so effectively as Humour.

A photographer was hauled into court at Enschode because two Nazis, declaring that his bicycle lamp showed too much light, complained that he called them "rotten Huns."

He flatly denied the allegation.

"I merely called them 'Huns,'" he adds.

This defiant quip—and the black-out offence—earns him four months in jail, but ever-watchful "whispering campaigners" see to it that his harsh sentence shall not be served in vain.

Secretively they pass on the story from mouth to mouth, over garden walls, along the streets, from town to town, village to village. . . till all Holland laughs.

"Just Huns," they say, and chortle.

Worth more than 10,000 bullets, a mere sentence is doing yeoman service against the "New Order" throughout the Netherlands.

"*We shan't have very much to eat this winter, but plenty to swallow.*"

Nobody knows its author.

Nobody knows whence it originated.

Nobody cares.

But everybody passes it on.

There is sabotage by whisper, an ingenious and superbly organised campaign of passive resistance.

It is elastic, elusive.

Nazis can't stop it.

Nazi efforts to raise a Winter Relief Fund for the victims of the occupation are a failure.

Announcers make repeated efforts to convince disbelieving Dutch that money and gifts subscribed are *not* going to Germany.

"The suspicion has grown," said Dr. K. J. Frederiks, Home Affairs Secretary-General, "that the contributions are not reaching our people."

WHISPERING campaigners sabotaged the fund by publicising the story of a Rotterdam subscriber who slipped a note in the pocket of a pair of trousers asking the receiver to communicate with him if the trousers fitted.

He would then send on the jacket.

A reply came from Germany.

When Mussert's Dutch Nazis staged a mounted procession in Breda, the population lined the streets and greeted it with mass whistling

The horses shied.

And there was chaos.

Police charged with sabres and truncheons, made many arrests.

But the procession was disbanded, whistled off the streets.

The writing on the wall in Amsterdam, ridiculing the "New Order," is so prolific that police orders prohibit anybody from carrying "posters, bill-posting materials or appliances, tar, chalk, lime, or any colour or dyestuff" in the streets between sunrise and sunset.

Sentences ranging from six to eighteen months' imprisonment are usual for distributors of anti-German verses, yet threats fail to stop those who circulate leaflets dropped from R.A.F. aircraft.

The Nazis are staggered by the contempt the Dutch openly display towards the army of occupation.

Haarlem students are serving terms of penal servitude for forming an organisation to destroy military electric cables and other communications.

Telephone lines have been cut, and traffic indicators destroyed or mutilated.

CASTRICUM has been warned that the whole population will be deported and interned if further acts of sabotage occur.

Death penalty is now threatened for further "insult to the German Army."

The "New Order" aims at giving Holland hell, but it is the Dutch who are giving the Nazis hell, especially at night, when the welcome sound of the R.A.F. bombers comes to fire the Netherlanders' courage.

German patrols have been fired on from windows and doorways. Many have been killed.

Spies have mysteriously disappeared.

The "New Order" audibly creaks.

Reich Commissioner, the notorious Seyss-Inquart, admits it.

"There is," he concedes, "a certain amount of reserve still shown in the Netherlands, due to questions connected with the occupation, difficulties arising out of the New Order and the individualism of the Dutch.

"But the Dutch are restoring the order."

And how!

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD ALIEN DOCTORS PRACTISE HERE?

● Yes. Although we are faced with a most serious danger of disease epidemics in the next few months, alien restrictions threaten our national health.

When Hitler started his Nero-like brutalities, hundreds of the greatest doctors in the world sought sanctuary abroad.

Britain would not have them. No country wanted them.

Some were permitted to come here, and, in the end, allowed to qualify for the British Medical Register so that they could practise.

Then, lots found themselves interned.

Others enlisted in the Pioneer Corps, of all things! This meant that they destroyed the delicacy of hands trained in surgery—in doing navvy work!

Had the brilliant brains which suffered under the tyranny of Hitler been encouraged here, as were the Huguenots, there might have been a renaissance in many professions and industries.

Now, young doctors, mobilised for the Services, are wanted for private practice.

A million and a half evacuees have gone to districts without proper medical facilities.

The shelters require constant supervision by health experts.

Some 600 alien doctors may soon be used—at last—to supply the deficiency.

But months have been lost.

* * *

SHOULD LOCAL COUNCILS BE SCRAPPED?

● No. Although the weaknesses of the administration by local authorities have been exposed, the blame for the breakdown under the Blitz is largely due to the Government.

Stupidity in Whitehall flung on to local councils the enormous burdens of civil defence, for which their machinery was never devised.

Even without the war, however, local authorities were falling short of the desirable.

In 1939 they were comparable to the parish vestries which they displaced in 1888.

Social services and other schemes were too big for local boundaries. Bigger regions, it was obvious, were required.

But, to strengthen the democracy for which we are fighting, these should be an up-growth of local government, and not a down-growth of Whitehall.

* * *

WHY ARE NOT ALL CHILDREN EVACUATED?

● The reason for this is that there are no compulsory evacuation powers.

Although they have been discussed at various times, the authorities realise that they would be very difficult to enforce.

Anyone who has seen an eviction riot or a rent strike realises the trouble that would arise if any attempt were made to take away, not the chattels which, in the past, have led to so much disturbance, but children valued very much more.

The nearest approach to compulsion now existing is the right given to doctors to certify ailing children who should be sent out of the Blitz.

In such a case, an objecting parent has to show cause why this should not be done.

But there are many complications in compulsory evacuation.

Many women want to stay with their husbands—and many children want to stay with their mothers.

Besides, what place is free to-day from the Blitz? Small towns have been attacked.

If, earlier, there had been the wholesale building of huts and camps in country places, a solution might have been found. But even that would have created a new area for bombers.

The plain truth is that we are all in the war—and that nowhere are we absolutely safe.

* * *

IS "TROUBLE" BEING AGGRAVATED?

● For their own political ends, certain people, instead of seeking to find a way of ameliorating the hardships inevitable in war-time, are doing their best to aggravate trouble and encourage complaints.

At first, they started giving away pamphlets in the shelters and sending emissaries into the Tubes, to whisper and increase dissatisfaction.

More recently, they have organised trouble in the factories.

"Don't work during an alert," they have advised, going to the length, in doing this, of betraying their own serving relatives, short of planes, short of guns, and short of ammunition.

Every one of my readers who hears this sort of treason should reply, as loudly as possible, "Oh, you want us to lose the war, do you?"

Still, there is very little trouble in the country compared with that which, in the last war, caused strikes and disruption on the Clyde and in South Wales.

Even the most stupid of the agitators now know, in their hearts, that if Hitler won they would be among the first to be sent to a concentration camp.

* * *

WHY ARE THERE "LINDBERGHS" IN AMERICA?

● Charles Lindbergh, an unknown air-mail pilot in St. Louis, flew the Atlantic alone and then became, in the States, such a hero, idolised, flattered and boosted, that he was a sort of Prince of Wales, Shirley Temple and Don Bradman all put together.

It went on for years—and it flew to his head.

When he visited Germany, and was kidded, the thought that he was a potential Fuehrer must have entered his mind.

Some people go like that. Many end in lunatic asylums.

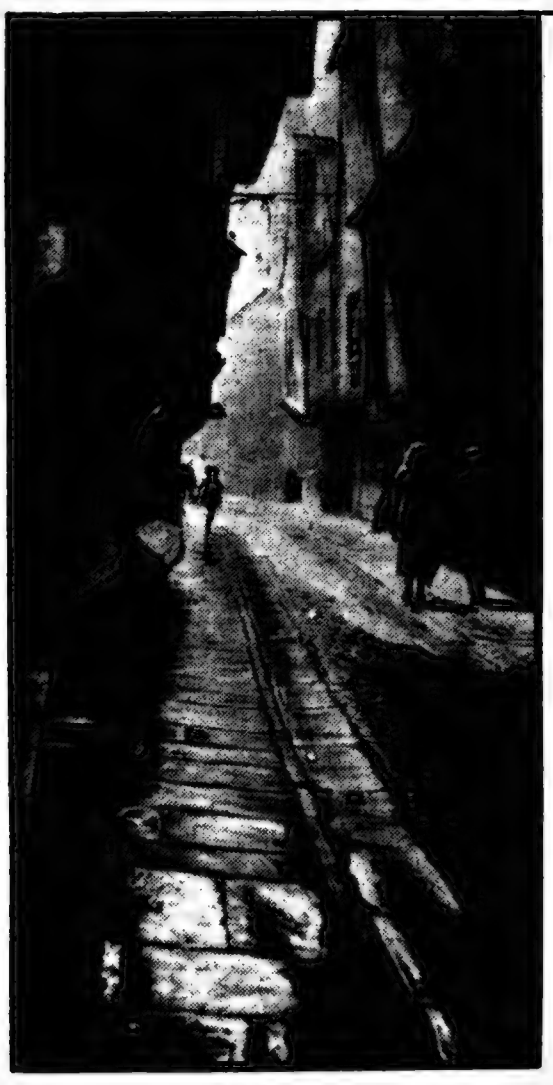
As for Joseph Kennedy, he, while Ambassador in London, rendered great service to Britain and did much to speed up arms supplies from his country.

When he returned, however, his old Wall Street leanings—he is a self-made millionaire who was once a poor Irish-American boy in Boston—made him fearful that American intervention in the war might cost him and his kind much of their fortune.

While here, he was our friend. When he went, his old Irish-Americanism, coupled with his financial fears, swung him over on the Isolationist side.

In the States, the great populace are overwhelmingly on our side.

Standing aloof, apart from German-Americans, there are now only people of wealth and self-importance.



★ *Hitler is already helping us to build the new Britain. When his indiscriminate bombing shatters famed buildings and historic houses we can take consolation from the knowledge that his raiders also clear away slum houses, dreaded bottleneck roads and other remnants of unthinking development in the past.*

"If it were not for the tragedies of the raids, says" Mr. T. S. Tait, the architect, in this interview with Harry Gregson, "Hitler's destruction of our old property would be quite helpful."

Mr. Tait is among the men now planning the new Britain, and here he indicates the shape of things to come.

While respecting such fine monuments to our past as the Shambles, York, on the left, he sees a happy land of such simplified, labour-saving houses as the one on the right.

No Frills in

By HARRY G

BRITAIN is worthy of the best that civilisation can offer. And if her people are as conscious of their duties in the peace to come as they are in war time they will get it.

Already the super-planners are at work in a fine white stone building south of the Thames, creating the design to which the new Britain must be built.

Among them are such accomplished experts as Mr. T. S. Tait and Sir James West, the architects, Colonel Howard Humphreys, the road engineer, and Mr. George Hicks, M.P., the trades unionist whose knowledge of building is immeasurable.

Towering above all is Lord Reith, Minister of Public Works and Buildings, whose special job it is to prepare a report on reconstruction for the Cabinet.

This new Britain will not be a land of dog-tracks, ribbon-building, plenty and unemployment, but a place where honest work will be at a premium and hygiene and happiness will go hand in hand with social security.

Hitler's bombing has devastated large areas of Britain's great cities, but it is hard to find a reconstruction expert who is sorry about it, apart from the regrettable loss of life.

Hitler does in a few nights something that would take demolition workers two years.

He is clearing congested slum sites, preparing for wide avenues to replace narrow bottlenecks, doing away with centuries of die-hard convention that has prevented town-planning coming into its own, and transforming the whole problem of private large-scale ownership of property.

Mr. T. S. Tait, prominent among Britain's architects, talked to me about his ideas shortly before his recent appointment as Director of Standardisation to Lord Reith.

A little man who plans big buildings, this jovial, brown-eyed Scot (home town, Paisley) planned the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, turned down an offer at the outbreak of the war to replan Capetown, was invited by the Soviet Government to design the projected Centrosoyus (Co-operative building in Moscow).

He is the architect of such London landmarks as Unilever House, Lloyds Bank headquarters and of St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh.

"Narrow streets with gabled buildings appeal to the antiquary," he said, "and critics tell me that I want to destroy the picturesqueness of our towns.

"Well, overhanging gables may look well, but they do not fit in with modern motor-traffic. Traffic cannot circulate in tunnels.

"Hitler's destruction of much of our property will not only make reconstruction easier, but also will help to abolish many of the restrictions that have been such a handicap in big cities.

"There is no reason why our cities should not have buildings as high as Chicago or New York. Sub-soil difficulties can be overcome.

"Antiquated by-laws stipulate that the height of buildings must be regulated by the pressure of the water-mains, so that in case of fire a jet can be directed to the highest storey."

Hitler is destroying buildings and water mains.

More powerful mains will be laid, if the experts have their way, and we shall have bigger and better buildings.

Consider the future of a property-owner who has a hundred square yards of land (which he lets at an enormous rent) on one side of a street jutting out into the roadway, causing a bottleneck.

Frequently local authorities had no power to compel the landowner to sell so that the street could be widened.

But Hitler knocks down the building, the site value decreases, and the probability is that the nation will now acquire reasonably land that often cost the original owner very little.

It is unlikely that we shall ever again see the fantastic prices that land, both inside and outside the cities, reached in the years before the war.

There is no demand now for building land.

Rents will automatically come down as more and more people leave congested areas.

For this we thank Hitler.

His barbarity is doing us a good turn, although he does not realise it.

YOU are wrong if you imagine that post-blitz Britain is going to be a country of fancifully designed houses with luxurious interiors.

"Economy," says Mr. Tait, "will be a paramount consideration. Buildings in my opinion will be simple in outline. Simpler than ever before.

"We will have to keep to the modern hospital type of architecture, and that won't be bad at all. It is as beautiful an architecture as there is if well designed.

"There will be more scope for women to develop their individual tastes.

"We will introduce colour into decorations, furnishings and other things which go to make up a home. Women will make homes out of simple rooms.

"We have abandoned frills on men's shirts and cuffs.

"Women no longer wear elaborate trimmings to their dresses.

"Our homes of the future will continue this trend. Simplicity and utility will be the keynotes."

New Britain

RY GREGSON

Reconstruction will be a gigantic task.

There will be no time or money for different sizes and colours of bricks, joists, window-frames, electric fittings and the hundred and one items that go to create the home of the future.

But what a chance for women with ideas about furnishing! They will be the true artists of the future.

In the homes planned by Britain's reconstruction experts there will be no draughts, frozen water-pipes, kitchens packed with odds and ends continually needing to be dusted, and temperatures inside the home in bitter weather only slightly higher than temperature in the street.

There will be less glass.

Glass is beginning to be considered a great nuisance (says Mr. Tait).

Not only does it account for many air raid casualties, but it is also bad for heating in winter, gives no protection against the sun in summer.

Your house of the future will have smaller windows, yet it will be lighter and more airy.

Domestic appliances now within the reach only of the well-to-do will be used by everybody.

The ordinary housewife will have constant hot water, the heater being mounted over the sink, a built-in refrigerator, central heating, electric fans, a vacuum-cleaner, and no flues to clean.

And all because it will be cheaper than constructing thousands of small, often jerry-built, houses, where fittings vary from house to house.

Another reason for the labour-saving home, in Mr. Tait's opinion, is that domestic labour will be as scarce in Britain as it is in the United States.

We will not be able to waste power.

It is significant that among Lord Reith's assistants is Colonel Howard Humphreys, exponent of the autobahnen (motor roads).

It seems as though Britain will have long, straight roads leading from one big city to another, probably flanked with trees.

Instead of crossings, regulated by either point-duty policemen or traffic lights, there will be bigger, well-lighted roundabouts.

Public buildings will not be hidden behind warehouses and offices, but will have large, open spaces in front of them, displaying to the full their architectural beauty.

"THE Prime Minister's conception of our duties when the war is over is most constructive," said Mr. George Hicks, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Works. "He will regard the task of providing opportunities for the full use of our man-power as the prime job.

"He will regard unemployment as a crime.

"When the Prime Minister asked me to accept this post with Lord Reith he said I should insist on a better type of housing."

Better housing, better social services, improved medical attention (municipal medical treatment is already causing the Medical Practitioners' Union to ask for a salaried State medical service free to everyone), better planned cities, with parks and open spaces, real holidays, civic centres of music, drama and other forms of art—these are things within our grasp when Hitler is beaten.

The increased power of machinery should make the task easy.

The recovery from war, says Mr. Hicks, will be amazingly quick.

Hitler has started pruning the mass of superfluous growth that was stifling the civilisation of Britain.

He has revealed the hearts of men and women who are facing successfully the sternest test ever imposed on a civilised people.

We must, in the words of Lord Reith, "No longer tolerate the intolerable."

CHURCHMEN MUST THINK AGAIN

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

BISHOPS, clergy and laity of the Church of England, sitting in conference at Malvern, have condemned private ownership of the principal industrial resources of the community as a stumbling-block to Christianity.

"While these resources can be so owned," declared a wordy, pompous and utterly useless document adopted by the conference, "men will strive for ownership for themselves.

"As a consequence, a way of life founded on the supremacy of the economic motive will remain, which is contrary to God's plan for mankind."

* * *

Once a great Teacher uttered the words: "Physician, heal thyself."

If He were on this war-ravaged earth to-day, He might pour scorn on those who link God and Mammon. For the Church of England is one of the richest "industries" and most secure professions in the country.

The total gross income of 12,595 incumbents in 1938 was £6,632,547. Stipends of assistant clergy were £1,043,906. The Ecclesiastical and Church Estate Commissioners had receipts totalling £3,901,000 in 1939. Income from estates was £1,278,000; dividends, interest, were £2,303,000.

Is there, then, no economic motive in preferment?

How can one reconcile the £15,000 a year of the Archbishop of Canterbury with the £3-a-week curate whose life is as poverty-stricken as that of his poor parishioners?

The majestic Norman beauty of Durham Cathedral towers above mean little houses in the city.

The Bishop of Durham gets £7,000 a year; his Dean £3,000.

Dr. William Temple, Archbishop of York, who convened the conference which condemned the economic motive as a stumbling-block to Christianity, is paid £9,000 a year, more than double he received as Bishop of Manchester.

* * *

Throughout the country are many Deans whose values are assessed in terms of £2,000 a year

Incomes of Bishops, Deans, Canons, Archdeacons—all the dignitaries of the Church—are proof of the economic motive.

And the Church, with its huge income, is itself the owner of industrial resources, if land and property be accounted as such.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners know the value of those resources—and exploit them.

They charge—or used to charge—a two-shilling parking fee for cars in a open field at East Wittering, the Sussex seaside village

That was on Sundays, when, presumably, the thought of the Church should be above mundane, mercenary values.

During the week, when trade was not so brisk, the parking fee was a shilling.

* * *

It would be stupid to pretend that thousands of ill-paid clergymen, struggling to bring up families in the "right" atmosphere ignore the economic motive when they strive for richer livings.

The Church is a profession.

To all its members it holds out the hope of glittering earthly rewards in the shape of Bishoprics

Tradition, family pull, birth, breeding—all earthly things part and parcel of this ephemeral life of ours—play their part in the distribution of the plums within the gift of the Church.

Why, then, should the Church try to stifle the economic motive behind the efforts of nearly every man and woman who toils for the day and who hopes for the future?

Private ownership of a country's resources may be wrong—the subject is so controversial that many issues of JOHN BULL could be wholly devoted to wordy argument—but even with its going the economic motive in the life of man would remain.

* * *

Men work for food, for homes, for families. They work when they can in the hope that they may save a little for the time when they can no longer work.

The ostriches of the Church are always with us.

They talk, and lead not; they argue, and dodge the main issue; they talk glibly of private resources and ignore their own; they denounce the economic motive and will not confess that such a motive dominates their lives, as well as the lives of those whom they are supposed to guide and comfort.

If the Church wants to see an end to economic motive, let it devote its energy to providing for the workers of this country social security in old age.

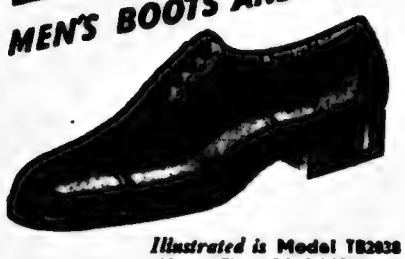
If the Church can solve that problem, it will deserve well of the nation.

But economic motive. . . .!

STILL UNEQUALLED FOR STYLE . . . FIT AND COMFORT

Temeraire

MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES



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The smartness and comfort of Temeraire Shoes is due to their superb quality and finish. Only my enormous output enables me to offer such value. Look for the shop that stocks them, and see the "John White" Guarantee tag.

GUARANTEED BY John White

(IMPREGNABLE BOOTS) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

This bright-eyed young Briton is growing up on WEETABIX..

—and he's one of thousands who owe their sturdy constitutions to this energy-creating cereal. Mothers everywhere pay tribute to Weetabix, especially in war-time. Weetabix is not only good to eat but economical to buy. All food, no cooking, no preparation

Weetabix provides variety, too, because it can be served in so many different ways; with hot or cold milk, or spread with jam, marmalade, honey, fish or meat paste, cheese, sliced tomatoes, sardines, etc. Prepared from sun-ripened wheat that's why it's so rich in the essential vitamin B1 and the natural mineral salts for maintaining health and strength. A.R.P. workers and all engaged on long spells of duty find Weetabix wonderfully appetising and sustaining.

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Of all Grocers and Stores

STANDARD SIZE 7½D.

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to beat the Nazi fire bombs?

If I am a householder or flat-tenant, I get into touch immediately with my Air Raid Warden and my neighbours to form a Fire Bomb Fighting Party to patrol my street and to watch over our houses, gardens and roadway.

If I keep a small shop and have not sufficient staff to provide my own Fire Bomb Party, I co-operate with neighbouring shopkeepers to watch in turn over our premises. I realise that if we organise this Fire Fighting Patrol at once, the danger of fire bombs can be dealt with.

Cut this out—and keep it!

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our ground defences' ground defence

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Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

gives a shine like patent leather and keeps boots comfortable and waterproof.

In Black, Tonette, Dark Tan Stain, etc.

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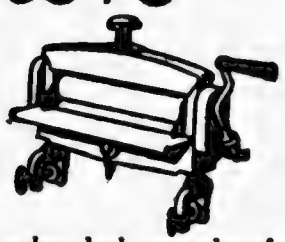


The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.

WRINGER — MANGLE — CLEANSER — ALL IN ONE!

TOWARDS ANOTHER SAVINGS CERTIFICATE.

shoes repaired by Dri-ped—that's a certain saving in leather—and therefore in money. Dri-ped lasts twice as long! And, with winter upon us it's good to know that Dri-ped is waterproof.

Insist on DRI-PED Leather

For your next shoe repair

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN BULL'S TEN MINUTE STORY

By HEDLEY BARKER

Sam's troubled mind harked back twenty years to a big, awkward, gangling youth intent in conquering London

DEAR Mum and Dad. . . . That part was easy. Sam Pike never had any difficulty with his beginnings. It was what followed that always troubled him.

Dear Mum and Dad, with an optimistic flourish to the D.

And then he stopped, scowling, sucking his indelible.

Sam Pike didn't like telling whoppers to the old people.

He could see his mother as he stared into infinity; the white lace cap, the silver spectacles, the tender wrinkled smile as she pored over his letter.

And Dad, all attention, leaning forward, his hair gleaming like snow in the gaslight, one hand cupped over his ear.

Dear Mum and Dad.

Sam's scowl became terrific.

Getting him all tied up, these letters. Different if he'd been writing truth—easy as shelling peas.

He could imagine the sentences falling naturally into line, flowing from his indelible almost without effort.

"Well, here we are again, full of beans, and hoaping it finds you the same"—that was how it would go.

Well, it's sort of come day go day up here, the same old routeen and nothink special to report, but as I know you like to here all the ins and outs, yesady I drove the right honerable over to Kew wonderful fond of flowers he is and got a A One garden of his own."

And yards more like it.

Pages of it.

Sam Pike, bursting with the details of his simple day, could have filled a book.

A wistful sadness clouded his eye for a moment as he considered that paragraph thrown up by his mind.

Genuine, that was, real and human.

But not for him.

Sam's troubled mind harked back twenty years to see a big, awkward, gangling youth in a blue suit of diagonal serge that fitted him where it touched, and brown boots that squeaked, and a made-up tie.

Sam had seen London as thousands of others have seen it—an Eldorado paved with gold.

He knew in his bones that out of London he could fashion a grand gentleman with a big house and servants and a cheque-book.

"I CAN do it," he said, with burning eyes and flushed face when he returned to his cottage after that first dizzy visit. "I know I can. I'll never settle to the land, dad. I'd be miserable, bringing home two pound a week when there's big money to be made in London."

His dad gaped.

London!

It was as though Sam was off to Timbuctoo.

And Sam ran on, painting a picture of the future that left them speechless and marvelling.

Buckingham Palace itself couldn't be better than the house that Sam was going to build.

Carpets in every room, and electric light, and red plush curtains. Bells that rung when you pressed a button, pictures in gold frames, chairs like the ones up at the Rectory, and hot and cold water.

A butler in a flyaway collar and a long coat.

Sam's jaw stuck out.

"I'll do it," he said, grimly. "I don't say it'll be done overnight, but I'll do it."

"Sam's a good boy," said mum, quietly, "he's got a clever head on him, and I'd put nothing beyond him, that I wouldn't."

Dear Mum and Dad. Sam put his pencil down, and considered the years.

It had all seemed so possible, so real, in those far-off days. He had stepped out of the train at Victoria alive with bottled-up energy, thrilled to the marrow as he became a part of London's dynamic throb.

Nobody could say he hadn't worked.

Porter in Covent Garden, liftman at the Grand Globe, a long succession of odd jobs, twenty years gone like a flash with work by day and the nights spent (for the first ten) sitting at a desk floored by the mysteries of syntax and trigonometry.

NIGHT school had given him up at last.

Sam just wasn't built that way.

He went home at intervals.

He had always been a saver, and he astounded mum and dad with his prosperity; his chickens, his calves-foot jellies, his bottles of port, and his ten-pound notes slipped into the tea-pot without a word.

Sam passed a hand over his brow.

Things had gone wrong with him, somehow.

He had been a good porter, an excellent liftman, an unsurpassed odd jobber. But nobody seemed to have noticed his excellence. No employer with an eye for good stuff had singled him out for promotion.

How rich the dream, how different the reality!

Sam Pike had taken a long time to understand his limitations, but he had come to accept them at last. He knew now that not by work nor by fasting would he ever wear the clothes of a grand gentleman.

Such things are in the gift of the Fates, and Sam was not in favour.

Twenty years.

Dad was eighty-two now, and mum was seventy-nine, and Sam at forty-three was finding the war a convenience. It enabled him to plead pressure of work as he wrote under the embossed heading on de luxe notepaper.

Dial House, Gloucester Square, W.

He couldn't let them down.

They had depended on him.

So far as they knew he had not failed them. There he was, living at the big house in London. Sam took up his pencil and knitted his brow.

"It doesn't look as if I'll be able to get home much in this war, there is heavy calls on my time what with having to make speeches and that at war charaties and no end of volontary work that keeps me pretty busy I can tell you. You ast me to discribe my house well it's a pictur from top to bottom and I hardly know wheir to start.

"All I can say is that there's twenty rooms all with carpets like I said and three bathrooms that you could put our cottage in and then have room to dry yourself The one thing that greeves me is not having you up here with me to injoy it, but I wouldn't think of it with these air raids."

Sam stopped.

Yes, the war was a good standby, it had been a God-send all things considered. But one day it would come to an end, and then what?

A troublesome problem, and one which Sam instantly shelved.

"I'm cloasing up the west wing," he went on, "as not being in the house much I reelly don't need it and with this teriffic war taxation a man has got to cut down his staff which I don't like to see anybody lose his job and am very upset about it."

The bell rang.

That would be the Right Honourable wanting a car. A toff, the Right Honourable, if ever a man was.

Sam had been with him for ten years, and an understanding had developed between them, a certain intimacy that allowed the boss to use his servant's Christian name, and forbade Sam ever to take advantage of the happy relationship.

"Ah," said the Right Honourable, as Sam entered his room, "we're going farther afield to-night, Sam. Woodford Green. Petrol all right?"

"Filled up this afternoon, sir."

"Good. Have the car round in five minutes, will you?"

Five minutes later Sam pulled cautiously into the blackout.

"By the way: how are the old people?"

"Grand sir, thanks."

"Dad still smokes Old Bond?"

"Still the same old brand, sir."

"I think we'd better send him a pound. And a couple of bottles of Cockburn's. Anything else? Brace of pheasants? Remind me, Sam, will you?"

AND then Sam braked hard, swerved left. He awoke in hospital, saw a vaguely remembered face.

The Right Honourable.

"How is it, Sam?"

Sam grinned.

"Glad you're not hurt, sir. I think I'm O.K."

The Right Honourable nodded, happily.

"They tell me you'll be a week. Anything you'd like me to get at home?"

The Right Honourable was searching for Sam's pipe when the heading of the letter caught his eye.

Dial House, Gloucester Square, W., in embossed blue. And then his eye caught a phrase.

"I'm closing up the west wing . . . terrific war taxation . . ."

Fascinated, the Right Honourable forgot he was trespassing . . read on.

Sam was himself within the week. On the day of his discharge he received word from home.

"We none of us grow any younger," wrote his dad, "and what with these bombs nobody knows when it's there turn, so your mum and me think we'd best make an effort if you'll spare us the time and come up for the day.

"We'll come and go according as you say Sam boy, but come we must, your mum's failing and keeps all on about paying you a vissit."

Sam felt a bit sick, until he remembered that to-day week he was to "decoke" the car, and that the Right Honourable was booked to speak at a dinner. And besides himself there was only Compton, the butler.

It ought to be easy to get Compton out to the pictures.

It was.

Sam had the house to himself.

HIS mum and dad were overwhelmed.

Mum wept a bit, and kept shaking her head.

To think that all this was her Sam's! It didn't seem real.

There were covers for three in the vast dining-room.

Immaculate in a dinner jacket, Sam helped them to rich meats. He'd have liked them to stay, he said, but he wouldn't think of it these days.

"Air raids. I wouldn't have mum upset for anythink."

And then Sam's heart thumped him heavily in the ribs as the hall door opened. Half paralysed, he watched the knob of the dining-room door. When it turned, he gripped the sides of his chair, and arose, very pale.

The Right Honourable started as his eye lit on festivity.

For a moment he stared blankly. And then he got things nicely into focus, and pulled himself together.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I didn't know you had guests."

And softly closed the door.

GOOD NEWS for all who are NERVOUS, WEAK, TIRED, DEPRESSED

"Vikelp's" Minerals and Vitamins will build you up—NOW—and see you safely through Winter!

When your body lacks vital Minerals and Vitamins, you get Rundown, Weak, Nervous. Replace these lost substances—remineralise your system—and you find the way back to radiant health, strength and sparkling vitality protected against illness and debility.

This amazing newly discovered sea plant contains those much-needed Mineral salts—Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur—as well as 5 other Minerals, Food Iodine and Vitamin B. It is concentrated into little tablets and comes to you as "Vikelp"—giving you ALL those precious substances so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself.

Start to nourish your body with "Vikelp" to-day. Replace those lost Minerals. Note the unmistakable results. You build up. Nerves steady. You become vigorous—vital—alive. New energy and strength surge through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

IMPORTANT! The Purchase Tax means you pay a little more for VIKELP. It helps in the National effort. But we have tried to help YOU by giving you 10% MORE tablets.

FREE! Send postcard for FREE booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy & Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.14, 153 154 Baker Street, London, W.1.

Black Currant Cough Mixture

Quickly made up at home.

Here's a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Influenza which brings better results than anything you ever tried.

First take 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls of Black Currant Jam. Any jam will do, but Black Currant is best. Mix it with half a pint of hot (not boiling) water and strain it through muslin or a fine mesh strainer.

Allow to cool, add 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which you can get from any chemist. Parmint is a concentrated essence of 10 medicinal ingredients and the whole makes a pleasant-tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds, and is particularly good for children.

Dosage: Adults 1 tablespoonful; children 8-12 years 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years 1 teaspoonful—each 4 times a day.

Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

COULD NOT SLEEP FOR THE PAIN OF PILES

"Dear Sirs,—For the past fortnight life has been a misery. I had no sleep and could not sit down because of the intense pain and bleeding. I was dreading an operation. After using four *GERMOLOIDS* I got relief. I feel a different woman now and can walk with ease."

(*Mrs. G. W., Leicester.*)

It's true! Even the worst case of piles is soothed and healed by *Germoloids*, which contain the same medication as the world-famous Germolene Brand Ointment. Acting as you sleep, *Germoloids* heal the lacerated tissue, stop itching and smarting, bring down the swelling and protect the nerves. Constipation goes too. Begin to END YOUR PAIN and misery TO-NIGHT. Get a box of these simple, clean EFFECTIVE suppositories.

GERMOLOIDS Brand are obtainable from all chemists 1/5 per box. (*Incl. Purchase Tax.*)

FOOD FACTS

OATMEAL DOWN IN PRICE! Thanks to the Government subsidy, loose oatmeal and rolled oats (oat flakes) cost today only 3½d per lb. or less.

THERE are *3* good reasons why you should eat plenty of oatmeal. First, for fitness; oatmeal gives you energy, helps to protect you from illness, and makes strong bones and healthy blood. Secondly, it is home-produced. Thirdly, it is economical; you can add it to almost every kind of dish to make it go further and increase its food value. Below you will find a few suggestions.

Night and day men of the Royal Navy cheerfully risk their lives to guard your food. They don't mind danger but waste gives them the creeps!

Oatmeal Flour

Mix your week's supply of flour with a quarter of the bulk of oatmeal; this will add to its flavour and make it more wholesome. You will not need quite so much fat with it either. *Remember, though, oatmeal contains fat and will keep only a few weeks.*

Oatmeal for soups and stews

Thicken your soups and stews with oatmeal. It will give them a delicious flavour and greatly increase their nourishment.

Oatmeal Mince

Mince 1 lb. skirt of beef. Toast ½ lb. coarse oatmeal in the oven or in front of the fire until it is crisp and nutty. Add it to the beef with salt and pepper and a grated carrot, and mix well. Moisten with water or stock. Cook in a covered casserole for 2½-3 hours, either in the oven or, with a little more liquid, on the top of the range. Sufficient for 4 people.

Oatmeal Biscuits

Mix ½ lb. flour, ½ lb. oatmeal, ½ teaspoonful salt and ½ teaspoonful baking powder. Rub in 2 ozs. margarine, add 1 teaspoonful sugar or syrup and mix to a stiff dough with milk or milk and water, half and half. Turn out on to a floured board and roll to about ¼ inch thickness. Cut into squares, place on a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

Rationing News

Most offals are now *included* in the meat ration. These are:—

Ox kidney, head, cheeks, tongue, heart, liver, tail, skirts (thick and thin), sweetbreads.

Sheep and Lamb kidney, heart, liver, sweetbreads.

Calf's liver, sweetbreads, heart, kidneys.

Pig's liver, heart, kidneys.

Remember to turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning for useful food tips from the Radio Kitchen Front.

24

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

PHOSFERINE keeps you healthy and alert

Says Mansfield man.

"In times like the present it behoves everyone to be up to concert pitch .... braced up to meet all conditions. The one and only remedy I find, after a long experience, is Phosferine. It keeps you fit, and when the 'Alert' sirens sound you take no more notice of them than the striking of a clock. Phosferine not only drives away fear but keeps you healthy and alert. It is a boon to all, young and old. A trial will convince anyone. *H. C., Mansfield, Notts.*

The very first dose of Phosferine starts the famous tonic action. Within 15 minutes you begin to derive benefit.

PHOSFERINE (*Tablets or Liquid*), 1/3, 2/3, 5/8 (*Including Purchase Tax*)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Indigestion, Influenza, Debility, Brain Fag, Rheumatism, Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

MASTERS UNRULY HAIR

ANZORA CREAM & VIOLA

NUZORA

...and they WON'T SOIL HATS OR PILLOWS

THE NEW GLOSSY DRESSING

Instant relief from

INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA FLATULENCE
ACIDITY HEARTBURN
PALPITATION GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½D & 1/3 PLUS TAX

My Country—or my Wife?

Torn between his duties as a husband and as a loyal citizen, an ex-soldier asks that his future should be planned

By HUMANIST

A FRENCH philosopher once described the dilemma of a donkey that could not decide which of two bundles of hay to eat first. The bundles were the same size and equally attractive, and eventually the animal died of starvation!

I was reminded of the fable of Buridan's ass, used in an argument about free will, by readers who are divided between two duties.

One is an old soldier, who has had twenty-one years in the Army.

"I am naturally eager to help the old country," he writes, "but in trying to do my bit my life has become almost unbearable.

"My wife's nerves are terrible.

"Her relatives and the neighbours say I ought to be ashamed of myself for leaving her alone in the house at nights.

"I am an A.R.P. warden in my spare time, but even though I want to carry on with the work, I have already given up some of the patrols to help with the housework.

"I manage to attend the advanced training lectures once a week, but I am being constantly criticised.

"We live in a basement, and as there are no children, my wife refuses to go into a safe area.

"If I resign my A.R.P. duties now, other members will say I am yellow, and if I don't I shall be called a bad husband.

"I am scorned by most of my wife's friends; my home life has been made intolerable."

Divided between his duties as a husband and as a loyal citizen, the ex-soldier is bound to be criticised by one party or the other.

But he should not be unduly influenced by what other people say.

He should call in the family doctor, and abide by his decision.

The doctor can order him to stay with his wife, if that is necessary. If his wife is using her nerves merely to keep the man at home, the doctor will see through it.

That seems to me the only solution.

He Deserves a Home

Another letter comes from a sailor who has now taken on a shore job.

"When the local 'bus company advertised for women conductors," he says, "my wife applied and began work. That was last March.

"But when I started work ashore, I asked her to leave, and she did so reluctantly until I began full-time A.R.P. rescue and demolition work.

"As a spare conductor, she does not know until the previous day what her hours will be, or what time she will start and finish.

"Some weeks she has no time to clean the house or do the weekly wash. I have had to wash my own clothes more than once.

"To me home-comforts mean a tidy house, a cheerful fire in winter, and meals prepared when the day's work is done.

"During the time when my wife is not on duty with the 'bus company, she seems to do nothing but read library books.

"I don't want us to separate, but I cannot stand this much longer. I work twelve-hour shifts, so I need some comfort."

When a man puts in all those hours at work of national importance, he has a right to expect a clean home, good meals, and a decent fire.

No reasonable woman would deny that.

The husband would be better off in lodgings.

But it is clear that the wife is having a sit-down strike to get her own way.

She would rather punch tickets than look after the home.

Most men would "read the riot act." The unreasonableness is on one side.

"I have had to relinquish quite a lot of my A.R.P. duties so that I can do the housework."

When a woman agrees to marry, she accepts the normal responsibilities of a wife.

Even if she laughs at the idea of obeying (as most women do nowadays), she at least promises to play the game and go fifty-fifty. Her present attitude—reading novels instead of getting a meal—is indefensible.

Once Bitten . . .

Another problem is one that I put aside several weeks ago.

It comes from a young woman who had just received news that her former sweetheart was getting married.

"The news has upset me terribly," she says. "I can't bear the thought that another will take the place he once held in my life.

"But an old friend has asked me to marry him. I like him tremendously, and should miss him if he went away.

"He has all the qualities I admire in a boy, and if I allow this friendship to grow I feel that everything will turn out all right.

"But I am so afraid that, having grown to care sufficiently, I may be hurt again.

"I have so little faith in mere males."

She goes on to say that the prospective husband is a fine musician, whereas she can neither play nor sing.

He is fond of dancing, she is not.

He excels at sports, while she is only moderate.

He has hosts of friends and would expect to entertain on a lavish scale.

Lost Self-Confidence

"It's the sort of life I've always longed for," she says. "Oh, I'd love it! Yet my inexperience makes the idea rather frightening.

"Do you think it possible for two people who have lived such vastly different lives to make a success of marriage?"

The girl is still smarting from the loss of her first sweetheart; and it has undermined all her self-confidence.

She has little confidence in "mere males"; she has even less in herself.

The man wants to marry her for what she is—not for what she has. She could make a real success of this marriage if she determined to do so, but it would be easy to make a melancholy hash of it.

If she tried to prevent his enjoyment of dancing, sports, and jolly company by playing dog in the manger, the marriage would end in failure.

But she will have to get rid of this feeling of inferiority.

As for people with differing tastes getting along well together, remember the saying that a good contrast is better than a bad match.

It does not at all follow that a couple of musicians or literary people would be happy.

The fundamental question is how far she loves this man, and while she is still feeling hurt by the loss of another it is difficult for her to know her own emotions. That is why I have kept the problem back for a time.

I should also like to know what other readers think of this problem.

There must be hundreds who have lost the first sweetheart and married the second.

Have they made a success of it?

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course, mentioning your name).

THE GREATEST OF THESE

ILLNESS has added to the problems of Mrs. Norton, of Oldham, whose husband fought with the Lancashire Fusiliers throughout the last war, and served six months in this war until he was discharged as physically unfit last October.

Mrs. Norton has been attending hospital for more than two years.

She should be an in-patient, but there is no one to look after her six children.

Meantime, a daughter of nine is in hospital, while Richard, aged five, is waiting to be admitted as a tubercular patient.

Illness has caused this woman to be £7 in arrears with her rent, and she owes money for clothing.

Although disabled by rheumatism, Mr. Norton is desperately anxious to keep his job.

The family doctor speaks highly of their courage in the face of adversity.

Those readers who would like to help should send donations, earmarked "Norton," to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who contribute anonymously.

There are no deductions for administration purposes.

Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

OURSELVES

THERE'S something about us that never gives in; we keep pegging away through thick and through thin, we stumble and grumble, we laugh and we weep, but our goal and our purpose we doggedly keep. Setbacks don't dismay us, they just harden our will, for we really climb better the rougher the hill.

THERE'S something about us makes folk think we're mad, for when we've cause to be downcast we appear almost glad, when we get in a fix that's admittedly tight, we appear quite elated at our desperate plight; and when we've surmounted our task we just grin, and seem oddly embarrassed at knowing we'd win.

THERE'S something about us that the Nazis despise; it's the warmth in our heart and the smile in our eyes, it's that shrug of our shoulders when they shriek out their Hate, it's our undaunted power to hold on and wait. It's our immovable Faith that Good Wins in the End, and our outlook of Fair Play to Foe and to Friend.

THERE'S something about us that detests loud displays, we're most modest of heart when we're worthiest of praise, we've a queer gift of humour which makes trials into jest and we're noted for smiling and making the best of bad bargains until they no longer exist, and we've a strange knack of giving Fate a quick Twist.

THERE'S something about us which the Whole World believes, for it knows we play square with no tricks up our sleeves, and it knows that we'll fight if we're sure of our Cause, though deep in our hearts we're NOT MAKERS OF WARS. And that's why we're fighting now with all our Soul's Might, till Wrong's Force is conquered by THE PROGRESS OF RIGHT.

J. M.

A fine *full bodied* 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

1/3 1½ FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW or AN oz. PLUG

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

P.D.83

TRUST *Snowfire* TABLET TO KEEP FEET FREE FROM PAINFUL CHAPS 4d. Family size 9½d.

How does she Keep so

Healthy and Vital in Winter

SHE looks well, feels well and sleeps well, and the ills of Winter never trouble her. Her splendid all-round health—a grand asset to-day—is largely due to Bile Beans—just a couple nightly.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans act gently and naturally. They tone you up, ensure internal "regularity" and improve your health, your vitality, and spirits.

You'll feel fitter, look brighter and resist Winter ailments by taking Bile Beans regularly.

"I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking nightly Bile Beans. They have brought better health than I have known for years." Mrs. E. L., St. Helens.

"Bile Beans keep one fit, full of vitality and in radiant health. A further advantage; they also help you to get the weight normal by removal of all surplus fat." Mrs. G. D., Ipswich.

She Nightly Takes

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

2½D STOPS COLDS AND CHILLS

2½D. Also RELIEVES 'FLU PAIN RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO HEADACHE

Here is the finest possible relief at a price within the reach of all. Beechams Powders are QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results because of their special powder form. Pleasant to take. Price-less in results. They also soothe shaky nerves, banish sleeplessness and act as a speedy tonic.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2½d. each. (Including Purchase Tax). A Beecham Product.

ACT LIKE MAGIC BEECHAMS POWDERS Brand

Aren't You *Tired* of Constant PAINS? AFTER MEALS?

You may say "I have tried almost everything without getting relief from Stomach Trouble." But have you tried MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder? Indigestion or Stomach Trouble cannot withstand the beneficient effects of this famous remedy. Not only does it protect your delicate stomach lining against acid, but it also safeguards against renewed attacks and sweetens the digestive tract.

END INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS ACIDITY HEARTBURN FLATULENCE STOMACH PAIN ULCERATION

GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Get a 1/5 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return empty carton to Maclean, Great West Road, Brentford and your money will be refunded in full. BUT REMEMBER, MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine when the signature 'Alex C Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½ per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 7d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/3 Including Purchase Tax

A NEW METHOD

YOUR FALSE TEETH FIRM!

Without Powder Fixatives

One morning application gives *all*-day firmness. No need to seek privacy during day to renew fixative. Squeeze a little 'Dentesive' (sold in tubes) on upper and lower plates. It holds plates firm so that they can't wobble, drop, or click, also seals edges and thus stops food getting underneath. You can eat and enjoy seedy jams, nutty sweets, etc. 'Dentesive' prevents sore gums by forming a comfort cushion for your plate. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Recommended by over 6,000 dentists. Prices 6d. and 1/- at Chemists. Money refunded if dissatisfied. TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps for sample tube. Dentesive, Ltd. (Dept. 51 J.B.), 10-15, Clitty Street, London, W.1.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.23, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

TALES OF THE TURF

★ With this story of a plot to defraud bookies, "John Bull's" special correspondent continues his series of Turf dramas that have never before been revealed to the sporting public

Eager racegoers laid bets, unaware of the drama of the Turf in which they were playing an innocent part

No Marriage Bells for Bill!

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT was the "For Sale" notice that did it.

Here we were bowling along in great style through the village of Little Tivitton, breathing the fragrant air of the countryside and enjoying the sunshine, when Ikey Goldberg cried to me "Stop."

Now Ikey Goldberg and Bill Bailey, who had foisted themselves on me for a run in my new roadster, were no particular pals of mine.

They were partners in a small bookmaking business and in anything else which promised easy money.

There was nothing in the world Ikey and Bill liked better than a mug, and the more they liked him the more the mug was fleeced.

When Ike saw the "For Sale" notice outside the little grocery store in the village High Street, I knew that he smelt dough.

A Nose for Money

If Ikey could have smelt water half as well as he smelt out dough he'd have made a fortune as a diviner.

"Stop," repeated Ikey. "Bill and me's getting out here."

Bill, enjoying the trip, snorted in disgust. "The old game, Ikey? An option on the business, then sell it at a profit to a mug."

"Something like that," admitted Ikey.

Bill relented. "Well, come on, let's give it the once over," he said.

Outside the store Bill stopped. A pretty girl was counting stamps behind a grille.

"Blimey!" he said, "a post office, too!" And he stood silent for a minute or two as ideas flashed through his brain.

Then he spoke. "Ike," he said, rapidly, "here's a chance to get cream and custard. Gimme some of the dough you've got in your wallet.

"You and Jimmy (that's me) run along to the local. I'll join you there later."

Ike handed over a wad of fivers. He never questioned Bill's line of action when there was dough in the offing.

Impressing the Blonde

Bill, as I learned afterwards, walked into the shop, bought a bar of chocolate, and gave the grocer, a wizened ancient of about eighty, a pleasant "Good-day."

Bill looked round with the air of an expert. "Nice little business," he said.

"Aye," said the old fellow, "wouldn't be thinking of buying it now, Master, would ye?"

There was no immediate response. Bill was gazing long and admiringly at the pretty blonde behind the grille. Everything depended on whether he could handle her.

Bill was a sight to impress any village maiden.

He was wearing a suit that carried the imprint of Cork Street; his lemon gloves were immaculate; and his gold-mounted malacca cane completed the picture of a man about town.

The blonde blushed, smiled, and dived for her make-up compact. Easy, thought Bill, as he turned to the storekeeper.

"Queer you should ask that," he said slowly. "I've just been left some money, and this might be the place to settle down. Of course, I'm hardly the sort of chap to run a grocery, but you never know."

"Ain't no better place to settle than Little Tivitton," croaked the ancient.

Bill beamed at him. "How much, lock, stock and barrel?"

"Seven hundred pounds," said the old man.

Bill made a tour of inspection, peered under counters, examined shelves and even went outside to look into the windows.

He came back looking thoughtful. Then he made an offer. "I'll give you £50 now for an option on the business and I'll pay you the rest after a couple of weeks if I like it."

"Done," said the grocer.

Bill paid out ten fivers and joined us at the local. He was beaming.

On the way back to town he stood us a slap-up dinner at a roadhouse and laughed fit to kill himself every time Ikey cracked a joke about cheating customers.

Bill spent a busy week-end opening accounts with commission agents all over London and the Home Counties.

Monday morning saw him behind the counter in the village store. He wore a spotless apron and a smile which radiated welcome.

He handled the job well. He was popular with the women and with the kids.

But what pleased Bill most were the admiring glances from Fluffy, the blonde. Her big blue eyes seemed to tell him that he was the greatest thing on earth.

On the Wednesday Bill asked her to go to the pictures.

"Sorry," said Fluffy, archly, "I'm being taken by my George."

Mask of Misery

Bill's face set in a mask of misery. "I didn't know you had a sweetheart," he said, weakly.

Fluffy was so alarmed that she left him to mind the stamps, while she went to make him a cup of tea.

Bill revived rapidly under the stimulant.

By the end of the second cup Fluffy was calling him Uncle Bill, and they were the best of friends.

Fluffy promised to mind the shop if Bill ever got thirsty or anything, and Bill agreed to mind the stamps whenever Fluffy desired to visit a sick friend.

Next morning Bill bought Fluffy a bottle of "Night in Paris" perfume, and two novels about fellows who had suffered the pangs of unrequited love.

This produced the right effect on Fluffy, who gazed at the tortured expression in Bill's blue eyes, and seemed ready to trust him with her last penny.

Bill grinned to himself at the way things were going, but he was not sure about the next move, until Fluffy herself solved the problem.

It seemed that George had invited Fluffy to the Bricklayers' Annual Dance, and Fluffy was sore because by the time she finished her work at the post office it would be too late to get a wave and a manicure.

Bill beamed at her: "Fluffy you know I'd do anything for you. Why not pop out for an hour to-morrow, and I'll keep an eye on the till."

Fluffy was delighted.

"Uncle Bill you're a darling," she declared, "I could hug you."

"Why don't you?" suggested Bill.

"My George would not like it," said Fluffy blushing prettily.

Tomorrow's the Day

That evening Bill took the 'bus into the next village, and called Ike from a telephone number.

"Get busy Ike," he warned, "to-morrow's the day. . . ."

Bill went back to his bedroom that night, stuffed his pipe, stretched his feet on the mantelpiece, and opened his papers at the racing news.

"Three meetings," he gloated, "three meetings. . . ."

Next afternoon Fluffy bade good-bye to Bill with a final warning to charge the extra coppers on the postal orders.

No sooner has she gone than Bill slipped round the post office counter and for ten minutes he was busy writing telegrams for bets on the three o'clock race at each meeting.

He soon had a stack at his elbow. The bets ranged from fivers to ponies, but Bill had purposefully left blank the names of the horses he wished to back. Each telegram was carefully timed before three p.m.

At ten past three the 'phone bell rang and Bill leaped like a panther.

"Hullo," he asked cautiously, "Is that you Ike?"

He listened a moment, then scribbled three names on a pad, the names of the three winners at the three meetings!

Bill's face wore a radiant smile as he completed the telegrams: Ike had told him that two of the horses were long-shot winners at 100-8 and 20-1, and his mind was tranquil.

Bill had sent off all his wires before Fluffy returned with her hair fixed.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Like Helen of Troy," said Bill. "I'll bet George will have to guard you from the bricklayers to-night."

Bill slipped behind his own counter and prattled to the customers with gaiety and abandon, serving them all overweight, and even giving samples away.

Like a Boy Scout

Every now and then he would do a double shuffle, and hum a little tune, much to the amusement of Fluffy, who could not understand Bill's new-found joy in life.

"You act just like my George," she informed him. "He's a Boy Scout, and he acts as happy as you when he has done his good turn."

Bill nodded thoughtfully.

"Always remember that Fluffy," he said virtuously, "good turns pay good dividends!"

That night Bill called on Grandpa, and told him that the business was good, that he liked it, but the deal was off.

The storm clouds gathered round the brow of the ancient.

"Why?" he asked.

"It's my poor old mother," said Bill shaking his head, "she's lying there terribly ill in her Liverpool home, calling, calling just for me."

The old man looked a little awkward until Bill told him he could keep the £50. Then he melted.

"No, no," he protested, "half that amount would be ample."

But Bill who had cleaned up a cool £20,000, was feeling in generous mood. He insisted on the old man keeping it all.

Grandpa was touched. He tottered into his bedroom and came back with a fine old gold watch and chain.

"It was my wife's," he whispered, "take it for your poor dear mother."

Bill was about to refuse when he remembered Ike and his passion for all things gold.

So he brushed a hand over eyes that were dim with emotion.

"Bless you Grandpa," he said softly, "my dear old mother will never forget you for this. . . ."

NEXT WEEK:

Gussie Gets the Gate

COLDS & 'FLU

are quickly banished by Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/5 and 3/5. SINGLE DOSE (Prices include Purchase Tax).

2½D

NEW TREATMENT KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH

LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

The 'Khatorene' Dilator-Penetration Treatment opens up shut nostrils, and allows powerful germ-killing medicaments to penetrate nose, ear and head passages which are inaccessible to the usual inhalants, ointments, "drops" and disinfectants. Treatment is in two parts—"Dilator-Penetration" clears Head and Chest: "Toxic-Cleansing" drives Catarrh from Organs within the body. SEND 4½d. ONLY for FREE Trial Supply and explanatory booklet, "From Catarrh to Perfect Freedom." Send TO-DAY.

THE KHATORENE CO.
(Dept. J.B.), 52, High St., Ross-on-Wye.

Get Rid of PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, Zam-Buk Suppositories are now obtainable for internal use. Antiseptic hygienic and easy to insert, Zam-Buk Suppositories can be depended upon to give the utmost benefit. Left in position at night, they melt at bodily heat and soothe and cure while you sleep.

With Solid

"I had piles so severely I used to work in the greatest discomfort. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought almost immediate relief and soon banished the trouble."
Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk

Price 1/5 per box.

"I Am Here For Anyone To See!"

Serious Operation—Complications —Couldn't Even Walk

"A DIFFERENT WOMAN THANKS TO YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tablets

"Would Not Be Without Them For Any Money"

Brockman, Mr. Brierley Hill
Nov. 14th, 1940

Dear Sirs,

After having had a serious operation for appendicitis, peritonitis set in, then complications followed, and to crown it all I had haemorrhage. I was ready to give up, couldn't even walk, until one day I saw your advt. in the paper and thought I would give your Yeast-Vite tablets a trial. Now after two months I feel a different woman and would not be without them for any money.

You may publish this letter if you like, as I am here for anyone to see.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mrs. Lane

Oxford.

Dear Sirs,

I cannot praise Yeast-Vite tablets too highly, for they are really wonderful. I always keep them by me.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Nurse H. W., S.R.N.

LADY AGED 71 YEARS SAYS:— "Wonderfully Good"

Gaywood, King's Lynn,
Nov. 14th, 1940.

Dear Sirs.

I'm writing to tell you how wonderfully good your Yeast-Vite tablets are. I've been taking them and find such benefit from them, after suffering from minor ailments for years. I recommend them to all my friends.

Yours,
(Sgd.) Mrs. B. (aged 71).

Great Value to A.F.S.

Manchester, 12.
Nov. 10th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

As a whole time member of the A.F.S. I would like to mention that your Yeast-Vite tablets have been of great value to me during the past few months.

In this service every man must be properly fit to carry out his work efficiently and, thanks to Yeast-Vite, I am confident of maintaining that standard.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mr. H. M.

Nurse Says:—

"I Am Always Recommending Them"

Llandudno.

Dear Sirs.

Will you kindly send me sample supplies of Yeast-Vite Tablets to give to various patients. I am always recommending them, and have just recently heard from two patients of mine who are taking a course of Yeast-Vite with good results.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) S. A. P., S.R.N.

Nurse's "GREAT BENEFIT"

Haslemere, Surrey.
Nov. 10th, 1940

Dear Sirs,

Please send me a supply of Yeast-Vite tablets for two patients, as I have taken some myself, and derived great benefit from them.

(Sgd.) Nurse S. R.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tonic tablets 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold everywhere.

DON'T LEAVE YOUR LUNGS IN PERIL

EVERY time you cough you are being warned of danger in your lungs. Every time you cough you are actually trying to get rid of germ-laden phlegm and mucus which is clogging up air passages and spreading trouble in your breathing organs.

Get rid of the danger NOW! Don't wait for damp winter and chilly foggy days to make matters worse. Take VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE. This unfailing remedy relieves like lightning. The coughing stops. You breathe easily. Your chest and lungs have new freedom. In fact this famous family remedy is so beneficial that it carries this unchallengeable guarantee:—

Get your bottle of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE. Take as directed. If you are not satisfied with results, return empty carton to Venos Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, and your money will be refunded in full. 1/5 & 3/5 per bottle. (Including Purchase Tax.)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Banished Her ECZEMA

"I have had Eczema on my hands and arms for the past 7 or 8 years. I had several remedies but none gave relief. I tried Germolene and can honestly say that I felt relief after the first application."
—Mrs. M. T., Southampton.

OUR "CRUSADING" OFFER

PROVE NOW, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/5 tin. If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Venos Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, within one month of purchase, and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL.

7d., 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 Per Tin. (Incl. Purchase Tax)

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TO-DAY'S TOPIC

NOTICES on the dock gate said, "Go to it!"

I drove my lorry to the dock offices at 12.10 to get my order passed, but I did not get it back until 1.5 p.m.

Then I saw fourteen other lorry drivers unable to pick up a single article because the dock clerks were reading newspapers and conversing for an hour.

We were wanting to "go to it" to carry the life-blood of commerce all over the kingdom. What Jerry hadn't been able to do with his bombs, the dock officials were doing for him.—H. A. Reader, St. John's Grove, N.19.

Black-Out Tricks

Laughable coins even before the war, there is hardly a possibility that farthings will ever have spending power again.

'Bus conductors report one use for them.

That is to tender them as sixpences during the black-out, and hope to trick some hard-working man out of 5½d. of his own money.—H. H. Jones, Forest Approach, Woodford Green, Essex.

Farthings have remained the coin of smallest denomination since days when the shilling went five times as far as to-day.

Nothing Lacking

Most country folk can tell you that a "home farm" is a small farm on which a family produces meat, milk and eggs for its own use.

These farms are still to be found in thousands, and the occupants of them live just as well as ever they did. Nothing is lacking from their table.

If they want to cook on Mrs. Beeton lines—"take twenty eggs and a pound of butter"—they can.

Rightly, there is criticism of people with money who use their wealth to hoard. But it is illogical while people can use their smallholdings to get far more than their share of the nation's fresh food.—Mrs. E. Pocock, Colerne, Wilts.

Still They Sell

Seeing onions displayed in the local market, I was told I could buy a mere half-a-pound if I bought a sixpenny coconut.

The coconut proved to be bad—so did the biggest onions.

Half of half-a-pound of onions for 5½d. —and the cost of living is said not to have advanced much.—Mrs. F. Wesby, The Terrace, Hill House Road, Norwich.

It is bad enough to risk sailors' lives bringing coconuts into the country without compelling people to buy them.

Always Washing Up

N.A.A.F.I., which is responsible for army canteens, is a profit-making concern. It has facilities for selling to the troops not accorded to any private person.

It charges the same prices as private firms.

Yet wherever I go as a soldier I find myself being ordered to sweep or scrub out N.A.A.F.I. canteens—sometimes to wash up.

These "fatigue" parties have to be taken away from their training duties to do these menial jobs. Surely N.A.A.F.I. workers could do N.A.A.F.I.'s dirty work, so letting us soldiers learn how to defeat Hitler.—Private L., "Somewhere in England."

Musical Soldiers

I can't for the life of me see the sense of "making up a symphony orchestra from men of all ranks in the Southern Command."

Musicians are not "reserved" because, apparently, it is felt that they can do more important work in the Army.

How foolish to uproot them from their home life to continue working as musicians.

Other men will have to be recruited to do their jobs as soldiers.—J. Haigh, High Street, Croydon.

Feeding Italians

References continue to be made to the "problem" of maintaining the scores of thousands of Italian prisoners rolling into our hands in Libya.

Why "problem"?

Three out of every four of these men are skilled farm workers. They should be shipped here to work on the land and help defeat Hitler.

Human Machine

IN DISGUISE

DON'T call anything that happens to you a misfortune until you have seen the end of it!

This may not sound so good to you.

Even now you may be suffering from a sense of misfortune. Nevertheless, think it over. Think back a bit. You're an unusual person if you can't recollect at least one thing that, when it happened, looked like the end of the world but turned out to be quite otherwise when all the consequences could be seen.

We've all had things turn out differently from the way we had expected. We've all had "blessings in disguise."

We are all ready to shout disaster as soon as plans go awry, or something happens to us that we had not foreseen because of our incurable habit of jumping to conclusions.

And usually every little setback finds us lacking in will-power, imagination and initiative.

We're mostly infernally lazy mentally.

Misfortune is not to be laughed at; it is something to be taken more seriously, also more intelligently.

It is a chance to take fresh viewpoints, to try new ideas, to develop new abilities.

It is an opportunity to seize new chances that might never have been held out to us but for the "misfortune."

Germany harnesses to her war industry, against their will, even the civilians who fall into her hands. We shouldn't hesitate to make similar use of men who have been caught fighting against us.—J. Haynes, Goswell Road, E.C.1.

What to Buy!

We are repeatedly being asked—and quite rightly—to save shipping space by buying as little as possible of certain things.

But most people have little idea as to what is imported and what is not. I am sadly in need of enlightenment.—H. O. U., Liss, Hants.

You should try to buy as little as possible of all luxuries. What you don't buy of home-made stuff can be sold abroad to bring back precious dollars.

Jeers for Danger

Because I would hate my fellow munition workers to be judged by a nervous few, let me tell you what happens during an air raid in a factory where twelve hundred odd are employed.

Naturally, the "spotters" take their positions when the Alert sounds, but the danger signal is greeted with ironic cheers and shouts of "Raspberries!"

Although it is a dangerous part of a dangerous area, there have never been more than thirty or forty people in the shelter even at the worst moments.

Forestalling criticism, I would point out that danger money has neither been offered nor asked for.—S. M., Somewhere in Industrial London.

Sacrificed for . . .

My family sacrificed every pot and pan it possessed during the appeal for aluminium, and we are not rich people.

You can imagine how angry I felt when, visiting a big North Country aerodrome, I found the barrack stores being stocked with brand-new aluminium pots.

I enclose the address of aerodrome so that your own representative can make inquiries when that way.—H. Hayes, Liverpool.

Spare the Horses!

Let me recommend horse and mule flesh.

It is regularly eaten in many parts of the world. My fellow-survivors of the Siege of Ladysmith will confirm how well we managed on it.

It was certainly coarser and tougher than beef or mutton, but that, perhaps, was because we were eating starved cavalry horses and transport mules.

Served as a soup called Chevril it is excellent.—E. Norman, late Devons, 1, Dovercourt Road, Cosham, Portsmouth.

A "John Bull" man once helped to eat the Colonel's horse—an over-fed, under-worked animal. He didn't like it a bit.

What They're Doing

For the second time I have paid my own fare from South Africa to this country to serve Britain.

And there is one little thing the authorities could do in exchange to help me—and thousands like me.

Members of the Polish and Rhodesian Air Squadrons are allowed to wear the names of their countries embroidered on their tunics or greatcoats.

Volunteers from every Colony and Dominion would like that privilege—would like to let Britain know what her daughter countries are doing.—Lieutenant, Somewhere in England.

Tax on Illness

As a chronic invalid, who is an endless expense even in normal times, I do not understand why the Government should have penalised me and my fellow sufferers.

Although I agree with purchase tax, I think it is iniquitous that it should have become a tax on ill-health.

Yet that's just what it is.

There has just arrived to-night an inhaler (tax 2s. 5d.), supply of inhalant (tax 6½d.) and a supply of glucose (tax 3d.).—Constance Green, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

That's Different

"Eat less bread and more potatoes" urges Lord Woolton. More people will follow his advice if cooked potatoes are made cheaper.

The ordinary restaurant serves a huge slice of bread or a large roll for one penny.

But the ordinary restaurant charges 3d. or 4d.—I have even been charged 6d. —for a very unsatisfying portion of potatoes.—S. Hales, Brownhill Road, S.E.6.

A Freedom Tax!

Put this question to the gloomy people who are so frightened by the cost of the war that they seem to lose heart!

If the suppressed nations had the choice between their present serfdom and the present high rate of taxation we have to pay, which do you think they would choose?

It would not be difficult to get these slave nations, when freed—as freed they must be one day—to pay a Freedom Tax on the lines of our income tax, towards the cost of the war

That would ease the burden immensely.—C. R. Duke, Nockold Gardens, Goffs Oak, Herts.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The possession of the two aerodromes at Koritza would enable our fighters to keep command of the air on this battle front, and our bombers to harass the TREATING Italians."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . two timely publications both enjoying large SCALES."

EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST (DUNDEE):—"Risk of air-borne infection may be reduced by PRAYING with sodium hypochlorite in solution."

RED LETTER:—"Rub a little of this NOTION into the scalp afterwards."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"To heat the school properly we can either go to the expense of blacking-out the whole of the school or install an expensive BEATING apparatus."

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"German long-range guns mounted on the French coast carried out their usual daily bombardment on the Dover EAR this morning."

The Last Laugh

GEORGE (Monmouth). — "The blackout causes me to get home very late nowadays, I'm afraid." Because your wife will not accept that reason?

A. C. (Cheam).—"The chicken we had at Christmas had no wish-bone. How would you account for that?" Perhaps it was a happy and contented chicken and had nothing to wish for.

S. R. (Sutton).—"The man was heavily flushed and perspiring, yet his pulse was as steady as clock-work." Sure you didn't have your fingers on his wrist-watch?

N. Y. (Leicester).—"I wrote a great deal of music on top of a mountain last summer." And then made the mistake of bringing it down.

A. T. (Oxshott).—"How is it that so many Italian generals have allowed themselves to be captured in the African campaign?" They didn't have time to resign.

B. G. (Derby).—"Every time I have a cup of tea I get a stabbing pain in my right eye. What shall I do?" Try drinking without the spoon in your cup.

D. J. (Ingham).—"As I passed her in the street I heard her give a big sigh." Of relief?

SAMMY (Looe).—"Have you heard about a particular type of alarm clock that whistles?" No. What we really want is one that will awaken us and then fling itself across the room.

K. P. (St. Neots).—"The commanding officer of our lot told us that we should regard the Army as one large family, and the officers as fathers." What did you say—"Thanks, Pop"?

F. A. (Porth).—"My son plays the piano just like a Paderewski." You mean that he uses both hands?

D. J. (Swansea). — "Money, money, money! There's plenty of it, of course; but you can't get a packet when you want it, can you?" That's true. What's a fine world it would be if those who have money would use it as those who haven't would use it if they had it, which they wouldn't!

H. G. (Tamworth).—"As I hurried in the black-out toward the pillar-box with an urgent letter, I collided with a lamp standard." So the post caught you instead.

MRS. L. (Hildenborough).—"Fuel for fires is a difficult problem these days. What do people get when there is no coal available in the district?" Cold.

D. W. (Ipswich) —"As I entered my house I came face to face with a burglar, but I let him go." You considered that was punishment enough?

C J. (Nuneaton).—"What is the best way to stop a chimney smoking badly?" Don't light the fire.

F. J. (Hurstpierpoint).—"How can I protect my pipes against frosty weather?" By keeping them in your pocket and smoking cigarettes instead.

MISS L. (Cambridge). — "Last week I came across a most useful gadget for the spring-cleaning offensive." But can you get him to marry you in time?

R. N. (Liverpool).—"I fell in with some very nice people while visiting the Lake District." Did the ice give way without any warning?

MRS. Y. (Goole).—"I have never had any cooking lessons in my life, so what do you think was the first thing I made when I married and started housekeeping?" A mistake?

E. K. (Burnley).—"My husband came home unexpectedly, crept into the room and caught me in his arms." Whose arms?

E. F. (Romford).—"By laying your ear against the wall of the modern home it is possible to hear normal sounds in the next house." But more comfortable to buy a wireless set of your own.

S. R. (Battle).—"I have convincing evidence that my wife doesn't miss me." Is it a very big bump?

M. Y. (Leicester).—"I cannot think why my friend calls me ungrateful, for I know I dictated a letter to my typist thanking him for the two Surrey fowls he sent me." Are you sure your typist did not transcribe it as "sorry fowls"?

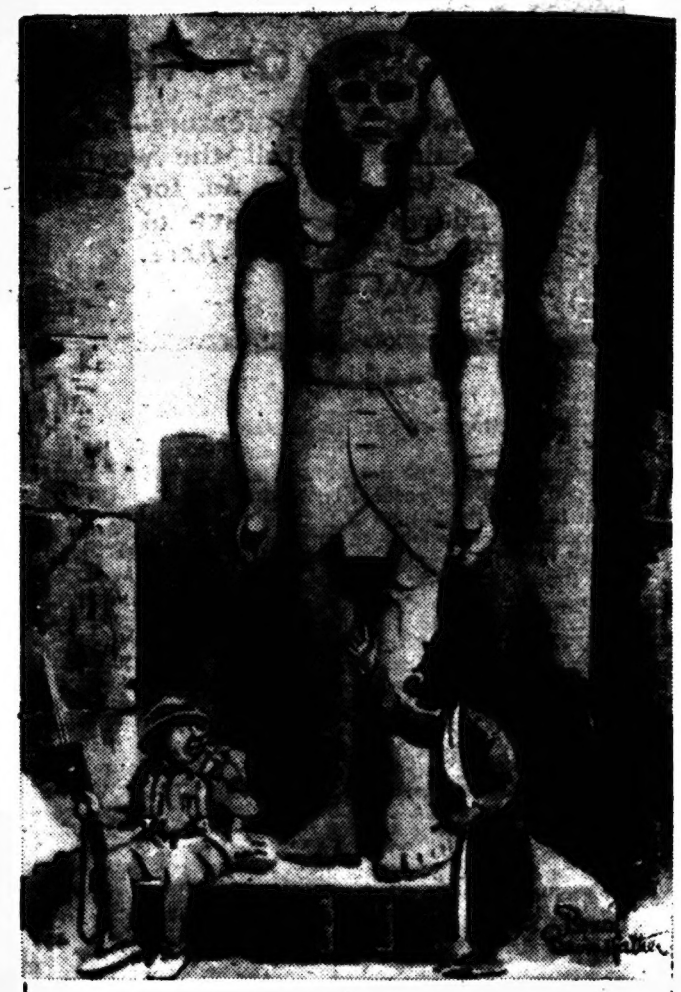
ARCHIE (Nottingham).—"I am sending you a photo of myself I wonder whether you can tell my fortune from it?" All we can tell is that your face isn't your fortune.

MRS. H. (Poplar).—"The cat had been eating a rat on the doorstep and I was told to remove the stains, but found it impossible." You might have known that you cannot get blood out of a stone.

MRS. L. (Brentwood).—"I have decided to bake my own bread in future.' Whose have you been baking in the past?

MRS. K. (Maidstone).—"I intended to give my hubby a surprise and I paid a visit to his office. I crept up the stairs and placed my hands over his eyes and said, 'Guess who it is?' What do you think he said to that?" 'Stop fooling and get on with your typing'?

(Side-Slips : page 21)



OLD B.LL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"That's enough about Whatsit the Second and 'is conquerin'! You start chippin' out a statue o' Wavell the First"

LAST CHANCE

"HOW IT IS MADE"

AMAZING NEW BOOK FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

One Guinea WORK FOR 3/3 PLUS 1/- which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

NO book published within recent months has scored such a tremendous and instantaneous success as "HOW IT IS MADE," the amazing new work which "John Bull" invites every reader to accept. So overwhelming is the demand for copies that the lists must now be closed. There is just time to obtain your volume if you have not done so, but you MUST ACT NOW.

★ Here in 224 big pages, over 100,000 words and more than 400 explanatory photographs, drawings and diagrams, are revealed hundreds and hundreds of interesting facts about marvels of engineering and mechanics, science and building—from a giant ocean liner to a radio valve, from a bomber to a gramophone record. You would consider a work of such great national interest and educational value a bargain at £1 1s. Yet, "John Bull" makes it available to prompt applicants at an amazingly low privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications must be dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now for this book which is now on the press, but you must apply at once on the Final Order Label on the right.

To visit a shipyard, an automobile factory, an aircraft works, to see the making of railways, to roam over a film studio during the making of a big picture, to see bridges being built, to visit a newspaper office while your newspaper is being printed—will be a thrilling experience. These are only some of the things this wonderful book opens to you.

Look below at just a few of these subjects dealt with. The actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide. It is bound in Blue Morocco-grained Cloth with title embossed on the spine in gold.

For this amazing book all you send after you receive your invoice, is only 3s. 3d., plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW. Fill in Final Order Label. Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter, and post at once in an unsealed envelope, bearing a penny stamp, to "HOW IT IS MADE" BOOK PRESENTATION, Dept. J.B.2, 93, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2 (Pvtd.).

On receipt of Order Label, "John Bull" will send an invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this invoice, together with your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid to your home, as soon as it is off the press. You must hurry! Apply now!

SEE HOW BOMBERS ARE MADE
From first design to completed 'plane—Fuselage Safety Device—High Speed Craft like the Spitfire—Giant modern air liners—Etc., Etc.

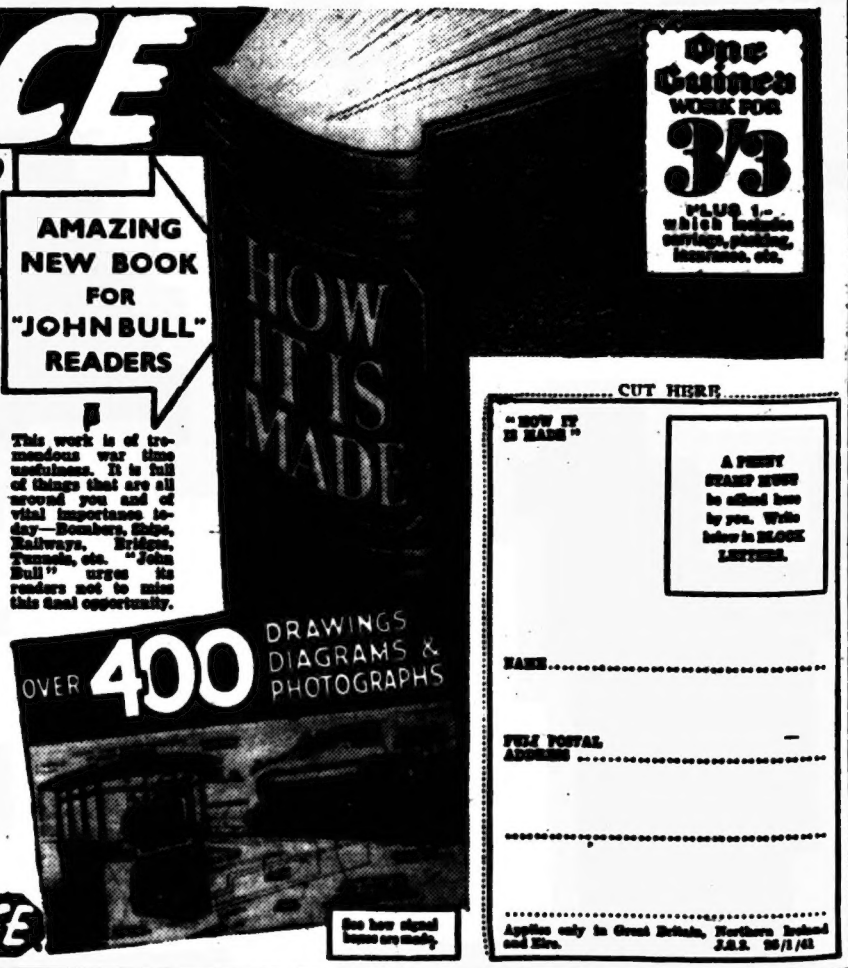
SEE HOW NEWSPAPERS ARE MADE
How paper is made and the machines that make it—How a newspaper office is run—Type-setting machines—Printing machines—Etc., Etc.

SEE HOW CARS ARE MADE
Mass production—How parts are made—Assembling from chassis to complete car—How tyres, bodies and electrical apparatus are made—Etc., Etc.

SEE HOW A LINER IS MADE
Details of a shipyard—Planning—Laying the keel—Building the hull—Fitting out—Placing Boilers and Engines—Launching—Etc., Etc.

SEE HOW RAILWAYS ARE MADE
How lines are rolled and milled—The intricate machinery of a modern signal cabin—Secrets of points and cross-overs—Etc., Etc.

SEE HOW TUNNELS ARE MADE
Surveying—Working through soil and rock—Drills—Tunnelling under rivers and seas—Making both ends meet—Railway and road tunnels—Etc., Etc.



This work is of tremendous war time usefulness. It is full of things that are all around you and of vital importance today—Bombers, Ships, Railways, Bridges, Tunnels, etc. "John Bull" urges its readers not to miss this final opportunity.

CUT HERE

"HOW IT IS MADE"

A PENNY STAMP MUST be affixed here by you. Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B.2. 25/1/41

POST FINAL FORM ON RIGHT AT ONCE

ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY to WIN a BULLETS DOUBLED 1st PRIZE £200

ONE WEEK ONLY!

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

100 NEW Prizes of 3/6 CASH

REMEMBER THE EXTRA DAYS to ENTER - Closing Postmark - MONDAY, FEB. 3

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,254

Mrs. H. Burle, "Kalendra," 6, Avebury Sq., Reading. (P.C.)
Example: IT'S A STRANGE, BUT
Bullet: WE'RE "GAME"!—AND "DRY."

£20 Second Prize: C. E. Swarbrick, 48, Manor House Lane, Deepdale, Preston.
Example: Better World
Bullet: Hitler's? World Shows Better!

£10 Third Prize: B. Gilby, Causeway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
Example: When British Attacks
Bullet: "Stephenson" "Pull "Wallet" Guaranteed!

£5 5s.: T. Fairburn, 5, Primrose View, Hipperx, Leeds. (P.C.)
When Hitler Hoots Home—Two "Bombays"—See "Bunker"!

£2 2s.: G. E. Peacock, Northcote, Wakefield, Shepperx.
The Unemployed—"Bureau"—Restore *Their* Goods!

£2 2s.: R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation Street, Stafford.
Thanks To The Navy—Kicked to "Rolling Over."

£2 2s.: F. Taylor, 44, Ordnance Street, Devonport. (P.C.)
When Hitler Hoots Home—The *Third* "Peace's" Britain.

£1 10s.: W. Rice, 27, Spencers Road, Maidenhead.
Better World—"Stripped," Then Rush "Scouring."

£1 10s.: A. E. Turner, "Old Howston," Burneside, Kendal.
Old Ireland—"Island" "Harvesting" "Greening's" Danger.

£1 5s.: J. Lawson, 14, Silvester Road, Dulwich, S.E.
When Hitler Hoots Home—The Nation "Hisses Dirt"!

£1 2s.: S. Johnson, 38, Jesmond Gardens, West Hartlepool.
Quietly—Living, Slave "Quiet" Bled.

£1 2s.: A. E. Howard, 49, Harlech Crescent, Sketty, Swansea.
Makes Airmen Angry—Prizes Around Aerodrome "Rising."

£1 2s.: H. S. Johnson, "Bramley," Higham Road, Wainscott, nr. Rochester.
Makes Me Angry—Officer—Then Finishes *Another*!

£1 2s.: Mrs. R. Johnston, Bantaskin, Falkirk.
Makes Hitler Angry—*America* Standing "The Richelieu"

£1 2s.: Miss M. Smith, 26, Briardene Avenue, Burniston Road, Scarborough.
Unchanged—My Husband—"Fire Watcher"!

List of 25 winners of Hampers can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted. Letters "P.C." after winner's name indicate successful effort was submitted on Prize Coupon.

HOW TO WIN!

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet* right away. Then see how much you can improve and polish it, shaping it into a *Bullet* with the same sparkle you see in any of the latest prize-winners on left.

Make the most of this final opportunity to pocket a £200 First, and don't forget—post your entry not later than Monday, February 3.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

CHURCHILL AND ROOSEVELT
BRITANNIA'S ARMOUR
VICTORY
MAN OF VISION
GOING INTO ACTION
ACROSS THE CHANNEL
WHEN AUNTIE WAS BOMBED
MADE SONNY LAUGH
GOOD START
PAID IN FULL
THE FITY IS
IN OUR FAVOUR
WITH CONFIDENCE
IN FLAMES
WON'T WORRY ME
GETTING DESPERATE
NOT WORKING
ANNOYED THE NAZIS
THANKS TO THE PRESS
WE COMMAND THE SEAS, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Tide Of	Man ..... Needs
Free To	.... 'a A Liar, But
What ..... Saw	..... Peace

20 BONUSES each value £1 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Coupon on right—but enclosed on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 *Bullets*. Pay for 4, get 2 FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,258, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,258 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., FEB. 3.

Address .....

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin, ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,500-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name.....

Address.....

71.....

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

John Bull's Great New Year GIFT to YOU

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS this golden opportunity of securing a gift of great practical value — for yourself or a friend in the forces. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher 2/6

This Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 lever filling Fountain Pen.

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

will be accepted as 2/6 each in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/9 lever filling fountain pen. The screw-cheek pen, handsomely chased, is fitted with a 14 ct. SOLID GOLD nib tipped with iridium. A safety pocket clip is included. The presentation case is lined with art. satin.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH THIS PEN.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher 6/6

This Voucher will be accepted as 6/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de-luxe.

A FREE 6/6 GIFT VOUCHER

will be accepted as 6/6 each in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de-luxe. In rich mottled black and silver-speed colour. The lever filling pen is fitted with a large 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib, iridium tipped, and has two inlaid bands of 18-ct. ROLLED GOLD. The propelling pencil has a propel-repel-ated action. Complete in a presentation case.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH THE SET.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 126, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 Lever Filling Fountain Pen. I enclose P.O. for 2/6 plus 6d. for postage and insurance, making 3/6 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 6/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE-LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 6/- plus 9d. for postage and insurance, making 6/9 in all.

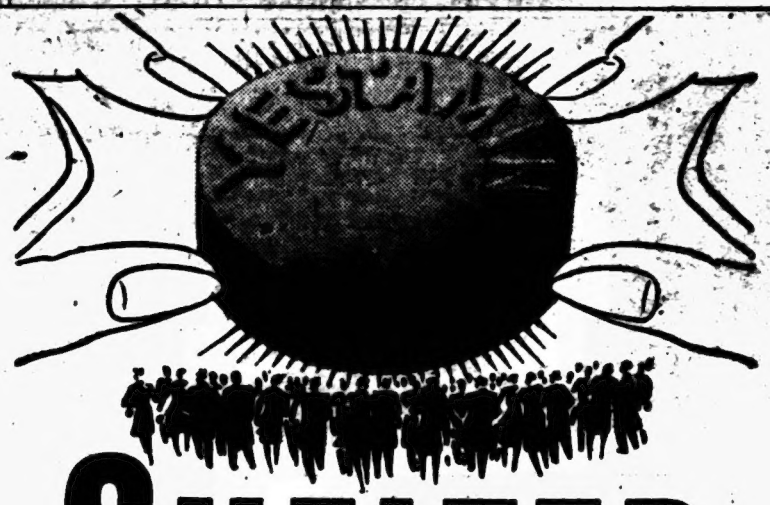
PEN-SEVEN-TEEN-BROAD-CHEQUE. Cross and crosses of nib NOT required. PEN-SEVEN-TEEN-BROAD-CHEQUE.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 9/6 only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters. 26-1-41

Cross Cheque or "Postal Order /& Co./" and make payable to "John Bull."



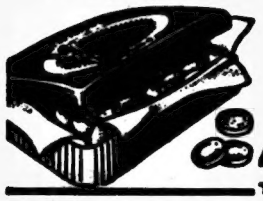
SHELTER

Thousands who now radiate Courage and Confidence once dreaded nervous collapse through constant strain and lack of rest. Vitamin Yeast—Nature's "Mighty Ration" of power for weakened Nerves—came to their rescue, in the potent form of YESTAMIN. You, too, can become a "tower of strength," with strong Nerves and steady Stomach. YESTAMIN is a storehouse chock full of Energy and Strength. Start taking it now—2 tablets regularly at mealtimes—and feel the joy of renewed life and vigour. It costs less than a penny a day.

Builds and Bucks You Up.

Remember—Yestamin is an intense Vitamin Food with great body and nerve building powers. It produces even more energy than sugar, builds up the body and by its action on other food makes your meals put new life into you. Yestamin is entirely free from drugs yet it has the same strengthening and stimulating powers.

Of all Chemists



YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets

49 Tablets for 7d. 100 Tablets for 1/1½ 225 Tablets for 2/3 (Prices include Tax.)

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

BACKACHE

Rheumatic Pains Painful Joints ‖ **Urinary Troubles and Lumbago**

WARN YOU OF SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

IF more people were aware that poisonous wastes which would injure health must constantly be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills would be taken before the trouble grew worse.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes.

Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won world-wide recommendation.

"Every Picture tells a Story"

A Nurse's Experience.

Nurse A. Ranson, 5, Vivian Crescent, Chester-le-Street, says:—"My back used to be awfully painful and I was subject to rheumatic twinges. The kidney secretions were disordered and there was a gravelly sediment. I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills with excellent results. They soon made me well and they have kept me so. I recommend Doans at every opportunity."

(*Signed*) A. Ranson.

1/3, 2/3, 5/8 (Incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS

Backache Kidney Pills

SMASH THAT COLD or Feverish Attack NOW!

Don't let colds "hang on." They definitely lose their power to harm you if you keep 'ASPRO' handy for prompt use at the first symptoms. For two 'ASPRO' tablets taken with a hot drink at inception smash a cold or feverish 'flu attack in one night. Remember, too, that 'ASPRO' does not suppress, it ELIMINATES THE CAUSES of the trouble and saves you from the depressing, weakening effects which might lay you open to further infection later on. Many people are exposed nowadays to cold and damp conditions, others live in a stuffy atmosphere. There is no need, though, to accept chills, sore throats, rheumatic twinges, etc., as inevitable consequences, for 'ASPRO' was created to overcome these very conditions. Millions already know how effectively it does so. Every mail brings fresh proof of how :—

GARGLE with 'ASPRO'

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO'

SERVES THE NATION BY SERVING THE PEOPLE!

COLD AND SORE THROAT BANISHED. 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

7 Hornby Terrace, Morecambe.

Dear Sirs, Thanks very much to 'ASPRO' I am not in bed with a bad sore throat as I was last Saturday, but I am better and going out to a show. I had a bad cold and bad throat. I could not swallow and also was off my work for 5 days. I gargled a few times a day with 2 tablets and then I took 'ASPROS' with a hot drink at night and also I was up during the night and took more. I felt different again by morning and was soon myself again. I have some just now in my bag and don't intend being without at any price. I say "Good old 'ASPRO'" and shall recommend them to anyone always.—I remain, MISS JARVIS.

VIOLENT NIGHT COUGHING ENDED BY TAKING 'ASPRO'

21 Charlotte Street, Richmond, E.1, Australia.

Dear Sir, About a month ago I had the bad luck to catch a severe cold which caused me to cough most violently at night. This was serious for me because I am afflicted with hernia and heavy coughing causes severe strain on the abdominal muscles.

I tried most cough cures without much success and because my friend told me to try 'ASPRO' I did. I bought a packet at once and took 3 tablets with a good hot lemon drink at bed time. I seemed to obtain ease almost at once so kept on the dose, after 3 or 4 nights I was quite free from Cold and Cough.

I am very pleased and satisfied with 'ASPRO' and am not easy to convince, but I have no doubt that 'ASPRO' is the best thing I have found for a cold. GEORGE BEAGHCROFT.

NEVER AWAY FROM WORK NOW

125 Whippendell Road, Watford, Herts.

Sirs, I should like to express my grateful thanks for your 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefits I have derived from them.

I used to suffer very bad every year from rheumatism and had so much time away from work that I was afraid of being discharged owing to so many illnesses. Now, thanks to your tablets which I would not be without, am thankful to say that as soon as I feel the slightest twinge and take some of your tablets the pain goes.

I am never without them in the house now, and never hesitate to recommend them to all my friends and anyone else who has any complaints.

Wishing you the best of success for 'ASPRO.'

I am, Sirs, Yours gratefully, J. H. CRAMPTON.

DOES NOT DREAD 'FLU & WINTER NOW

Dear Sirs, Clarkston, Renfrewshire.

I feel I must write and thank you for giving me a remedy for my cold. I am subject to colds and influenza and I always dread winter time, but since taking 'ASPRO' I am a new woman. Thanking you again,

I am, Yours truly, MISS R. D.

GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S NATIONAL AIR-RAID DISTRESS FUND.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

All Leading Chemists & Stores Stock & Display 'ASPRO'

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½ 7½ 1/5 & 2/10

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